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## BY THE FIRE.

I.  
No, darling, I am not crying. I have not been thinking at all; I've been watching the fire flames flash and leap, and the embers crumble and fall; No, I am not cold or tired, and my head does not ache, not much—  
No more than an old, old wound might do, just shrinking from sudden touch.

II.  
Nay, love, had I ever a sorrow but was shared and lightened by you?  
Had I ever a joy that I did not bring for your gladness to prove it true?  
My autumn will scarcely doubt, I think, what my summer has proved so well;  
Let me kiss those loving lips to peace—indeed I have nothing to tell.

III.  
What do I see in the fire? Why, the ghost of an eager face,  
With blue eyes asking—for what? ah, what? and a smile whose pathetic grace,  
If once one loved it, would haunt one's life, like the ring of a beautiful rhyme;—  
Did you ever silence, by reason or will, that mystical musical chime?

IV.  
If I said, dear,—it is in idleness all that I picture is there to-day,  
Till I hold my lips to catch the words the parting lips would say;  
In idleness all, or in something worse, for a quiet woman to do,  
I forget that my girlhood is gone, you see, as I sit in the gloaming with you.

V.  
Nay, darling, you know I am happy—my life is so richly crowned;  
I am only "dowdy" a little—O the thrill in the homely sound!  
Give me your soft hand, sister—come closer, closer—there,  
Till the firelight gleams on the gracious head, with its glory of red-gold hair.

VI.  
Speak in the dear old whisper—speak of our girlish days,  
When, free and fearless, we laughed to read our fate in the flickering blaze;  
Speak, till the quiet music soothes this dull unceasing pain,  
Till the phantom fades from the caverned coals, and the want from the weary brain.

VII.  
It is hard to yearn so bitterly for what may never be won;  
It is hard to dream so holly, and wake to an evil done.  
Ah, love me, sister; morning mists still shrink beneath the noonday beams;  
Surely the steady love of a life will banish these fever dreams.

## ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGER," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

### CHAPTER IX. WORMWOOD.

Mr. Woodford broke the seal, and rapidly ran his eye over the contents of his sister's letter, which were contained in a single page, and written in pencil.

"BROTHER ERNEST—I take the first opportunity of returning strength to let you know that the Woodfords are no longer without a male heir. I know this will surprise you, after what you were so civil as to say at our last meeting; but whether it will please you or not, is another matter. The dear child (a very fine one) was born on the 10th instant at about ten o'clock, A. M.; it will be named 'Claude Woodford' upon an early day next month. Had you behaved in a less brutal manner, it should have borne your own name, whereby your darling wish for a successor might have been in some sort realized; but you have put this satisfaction out of your own power. I am aware that any reference to my husband will be ill received, or I would say that he unites with me in the hope that you will make an effort to conquer your evil temper, which I well know causes yourself as much pain and trouble as it inflicts on others. Forgive me, if I seem to abuse the liberty of one who is still upon a sick-bed, and has been lately led by suffering to reflect more than usual upon human sort coming. I have nothing but your good—"

Here, with an inarticulate cry of passion and contempt, Ernest Woodford tore the letter into a hundred fragments, and stamped it under foot.

"A fraud, a fraud!" cried he. "She would stick at nothing to vex me." He paced up and down the room like a caged beast, while the sun fell on mountain and mere without, and the whole earth seemed taking holiday. All that fair scene was his own—and yet the sight was wormwood, because one day, when he should be lying in his dark grave, the offspring of this woman would bear away there. Yes, her news was doubtless true; and with what malignant pleasure must she have written it! How could he have been so besotted as to believe that she wanted Reconciliation—Pardon!—she, who only wrote in bitterest triumph, and dared to taunt him with his childlessness!

"Go, go!" roared he; and the terrified servant who had come in, as usual, to take away the breakfast things, left the Black Squire once more to his meditations. "The child may die," muttered he; "one in five, they say, do die in infancy; and boyhood is a dangerous time of life." His eye lit upon the vacant space upon the wall, where a picture of his nephew had once been wont to hang, and he stood staring at it, as though he would recall the absent features. He was not thinking of dead Charlie, but of her who had there portrayed him long ago—very, very long, though it was but a few years back. His breath began to come in snatches, and he sat down and passed his handkerchief across his forehead. He had been walking to and fro in angry haste, but it was no physical effort which had thus exhausted him. "I will do it!" muttered he between his teeth. "What is a broken oath in comparison with such sweet revenge? Yes, Selina; in treating yourself to this exquisite pleasure, you have not calculated the possible cost. You shall repent this insult yet, I, who had two enemies in the world, have now but one—yourself. You have reconciled me to the other and you shall reconcile the other to me. Folks may prate of Sympathy, but there is nothing like a common Hate for making one out of two. That will stand where love can find no foothold.—Thank you, Selina, thank you. But for this letter, perhaps you would have gained your point; but now, believe me, it is not so certain. For your sake—for your sweet sake, Selina Murphy—I will go through humiliations to which I could never, upon my own account, have submitted. Humiliation, Contempt, Ridicule—yes, I am prepared for all those, if only in the end I set my heel upon this woman and her beggar's brat."

More than one writer of talent and merit has recorded his praise of a "good hater," but for my part, experience has not corroborated their view. A man should indeed be "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," for evil principles, oppression, cruelty, falsehood; but one who enjoys a special faculty for hating his fellow-creatures, is generally at best but a mere partisan. It is quite possible, too, that the complementary virtue of Attachment (of course always supposed to exist), may not be so proportionally powerful, in which case we get a lopsided individual, overweighted with malignity. If Ernest Woodford, however, was not good at hating, he was certainly better at that than at most things.

"It will terrify her, at all events," murmured he, with a purr of satisfaction over some thought unexpressed. "If I only do that, it will be something. I should like to see her looks when she comes to read my letter. How the painter-fellow, too, will curse his folly in saddling himself with such a burden for doubtful wage!" Over Ernest Woodford's face flushed a glow of color, and his thin lips formed a crooked smile. "Yes, sister, she will not refuse me, notwithstanding all that has come and gone, since I come with this revenge in my hand; there is no woman who does not love to cry quits." Mr. Woodford rang the bell for the servant to remove the breakfast things; and when that had been done, bade him tell Miss Evelyn her uncle wished to see her.

"Evy," said he, "I have news for you."

"Indeed, uncle." Such a quiet, indifferent voice! So different from that in which she had once asked him whether there was news from Charlie!

"At least," continued Mr. Woodford with hesitation, "I may have great news for you, and I think I shall; but it is not certain yet. I know you can keep a secret, Evy. Child as you were, you have never broken the promise you once passed to me, years ago."

"I never have, uncle."

The little cheeks had each a round pink spot in them, and for an instant Mr. Woodford looked at her suspiciously.

"Evy, tell me truly,—would you like your aunt to come back and live with us?"

"No, Uncle Ernest."

"I mean your Aunt Clementina?"

"Aunt Clementina?" The child grew crimson to the very tips of her ears, and stared at her questioner as though he had been the composite Sphinx himself. Astonishment was never more pronounced in so small a creature.

"Yes, Evy; your Aunt Clementina—she that was so kind to Charlie, and painted the picture of him that hangs in your room. How would you like me to ask her to come back again?"

"I should like it very well, Uncle Ernest, only—"

"Only what, child? Don't be afraid to tell me what you are thinking."

"Well, uncle, if you won't be angry," said Evy with simplicity, "I was thinking that even though you asked her, perhaps she wouldn't come."

### CHAPTER X. SEIDLITZVILLE.

We do not go so far as the arrogant inhabitants of Seville, and assert that you who have not seen Seidlitzville have seen nothing; but certainly you have lost a curious spectacle; nay, unless you have seen it twice, under its two aspects of magnificence and decay, you may be said to have missed one of the most striking examples of the mutability of human affairs; for Seidlitzville had once a Spa, and was bidding fair to be the rival of Bath and Cheltenham, and now it has no Spa, but has become a total wreck. Its palmy days lasted but a very little while, but were made the most of by builders. A small country town upon the great North Road in 1820, at the close of 1823 it was a city of Caracasses, not of the Dead indeed, for it was, on the contrary, reputed to be the very mother of health, imparting to hundreds its life-giving streams of chalybeate; but nineteen-twentieths of its buildings where in what is called the "carcass" state, unfinished, naked, unlet, and "run up" to meet an expected demand for house accommodation. A gigantic hotel was erected conveniently near that centre of attraction, the Pump-room. Terraces, squares, crescents, even Ovals were planned in the most commanding situations. A Bath-chair stand was instituted. A master of the ceremonies, nephew to a dead Irish viscount, and cousin to a living one, was procured by the Spa committee, regardless of expense. An analytic chemist of celebrity was paid five hundred pounds for discovering such virtues in the Seidlitzville spring as have scarcely been attributed by the Scotch to whiskey. Several ancient persons of distinction came to play at whist in the subscription-rooms. A fortune-hunter or two even patronized the place, as likely to be a cover for the game of which they were in search, and not a few *nouveaux riches*, among whom was our acquaintance, Mr. Ernest Woodford, blocked to Seidlitzville, as to a spot where they would be more thought of than at the old-established Spas, and which would be equally good for their livers.

Then all of a sudden this promising state of things collapsed. The spring did not fail, but its water became no longer ferruginous. It was now openly whispered that it never had been so by nature, but that the proprietor of the Well had doctored it, fed it with tinctures of iron, and the magnitude of the scale of deception had become too much for him. His paltry spirit, apt only for petty rogueries, had quailed before the gigantic undertaking to which his original fraud had grown. It was even said that his brain had given way under the pressure, and that for three days running he had supplied the spring with jalap instead of the usual tonic; at all events, during the illness which carried him off, shortly after the failure, the poor wretch, doubtless harassed by the stings of conscience, would not touch any water at all, and muttering something about "letting Well alone," expired, worth one hundred and forty thousand pounds. Almost every body else connected with Seidlitzville was ruined. The great hotel took nobody in from that time forth except its shareholders, for whom in those days such accommodation was unlimited; when it was subsequently transformed into the county Lunatic Asylum, some of these still remained its inmates, and a sad sight to the benevolent visitor it was to see them offer their blue mugs full of milk and water, with the assurance that it was real chalybeate, whatever Captain Morke might say, and would do him good. Captain Morke was the late master of the ceremonies, and exceedingly bitter against the committee and all who had in any way been connected with the Spa. He accused them of being a set of impostors, who had tempted him to disgrace his noble family by becoming their master of the ceremonies, by an annuity of six hundred pounds a year, which had only been paid for eighteen months. To whom was he to look for reparation, for compensation, and especially for the continuance of this income, if not to them? The chairman of the committee

was said to have fled to another hemisphere, in order to avoid the harassing persecution of Captain Morke, who carried about with him (for the chairman to drink) three vials—the vials of his wrath, as one might call them—the one containing Seidlitzville water as a chalybeate, another the same liquid as an aperient, and the third with Seidlitzville water as it became after its proprietor's demise, which last, although a most excellent spring water, certainly did not require a master of the ceremonies to preside over its dispensation.

The terraces, the squares, the crescents, and the ovals remained untenanted; the Pump-room, haunted, it was whispered, by the Spectres of the Broken, was studiously avoided, and rapidly fell into disrepair. It looked like a ruined temple which had once been consecrated to some "creed outworn." A more lamentable instance of failure of great expectations than Seidlitzville afforded, was, in short, never seen in stucco. It was only by comparison, however, that the place was rendered so pitiable. So much of it as was old, was respectable-looking and comfortable enough, albeit it was dull. There is no dullness like that of a provincial town; for there is a pretence of life about it which renders it (although we use the phrase "buried alive") to express the tenants of both places more ghastly than Pompeii; and when one contrasted the dullness of Seidlitzville with what it had been in its brief days of fashion—the period of drums, and routs, and promenades—the hush of its deserted High street, with that hall of lost footsteps, the Assembly Rooms, staring with its sightless eyes down the whole length of it, was something appalling—otherwise, as we have said, the place would not have been worse than other provincial towns. There were the *White Lion* and the *Bar*, the strongholds of the local Whig and Tory factions; the town-hall, where justice was as "indifferently administered" as the Church could desire, every alternate Wednesday; and the market-place, which had "had its nose put out of joint" during the Spa epoch, but was now reasserting itself, at least on Saturdays, as the rallying-point of the population. It is in the market-place, opposite the *White Lion*, that the coaches stop to change horses, although, alas! but rarely now to set down visitors. The single gentleman who has arrived at Seidlitzville upon this particular morning, makes quite a sensation, as he orders his portmanteau to be carried into the inn.

"Bedroom, sir?" inquires the mouldy waiter, clutching his damp napkin despairingly, as though, if disappointed this time, he would most certainly and without further respite proceed to hang himself therewith.

The stranger nods assentingly.

"Dinner, sir?" urges the waiter eagerly, like one who, having met with an unexpected stroke of luck, determines to push his good fortune. "Chops and fowls, sir, fowls and chops."

"I don't know whether I shall want dinner or not," returns the stranger thoughtfully; "but I should like to wash my hands."

With this very modified form of patronage, the waiter is for the present compelled to be content. An antique chambermaid conducts the guest to a confined chamber looking out upon a blank wall—there are twenty better rooms unoccupied, and certain to remain so, but such is the system at the *White Lion*—and installs him as No. 40; which is so far suitable that he has numbered about as many years. The stranger remains a long time in the seclusion of that apartment, and emerges from it in gorgeous apparel. It is the opinion of the mouldy waiter that "the gent is come down to Seidlitzville to be married;" but the antique chambermaid, who has experienced the backwardness of mankind, responds contemptuously: "Not he." The plump landlady, who dwells in a sort of magnificent lumber-room on one side of the entrance hall, condescendingly bows to No. 40 as he goes out, and fancies she remembers to have seen his face before; but although she shuts one eye tight, in order to assist reflection, and has nothing to do but to think about it for the next two hours, she cannot recall his name. At last she slaps herself, like a man, on both her knees. "I know'd I'd have it," cries she triumphantly, "and now I've got it: that's Mr. Ernest Woodford."

"Yes, sir.—Who shall I say, please?"

"Say a gentleman wishes to see her upon important business."

Admitted into the house, he is left alone in the little dark hall, where gloom prevents him from at first perceiving an object suspended upon the opposite wall; when he does so, Mr. Woodford stands transfixed, like Robinson Crusoe when he first discovered the footmark.

"Whose hat is that?" demands he of the returning servant.

"Master's hat."

The maiden looked at him a moment with suspicion in her eye, then continued with a giggle:

"Well it ain't nobody's hat, sir. My mistress is a lone lady, and so we keeps a hat in the hall to persuade tramps and such like, who may happen to get within-side, as there's a man in the house. But there ain't no man, bless you, no, nor even a page-boy."

The damsel uttered this last sentence somewhat despondently, but Mr. Woodford, with characteristic absence of sympathy, replied: "Very good," and wiping his forehead, as though something had been taken off his mind, followed the domestic up-stairs. As the hall was gloomy, so is the staircase, and so is the drawing-room, into which Mr. Woodford is ushered. This has the appearance of a show apartment rather than of a "living" room. Much of the furniture is swathed in brown holland, and what is not so is protected with ample anti-macassars; each window-curtain is wrapped up in a sort of dainty bag, as though for removal; the chimney ornaments—consisting of a clock that doesn't go, and two groups of wax-flowers—are under glass; the book-shelf, full of ancient but gaudily bound volumes *Keepsakes*, *Annals*, and similar elegant rubbish—is guarded by glass doors. Upon the walls hang an infinite number of pictures, the frames of which are encased in yellow gauze; they are all painted by the same hand, and most of them represent the principal features of Seidlitzville when it was at its zenith. Over the fireplace hangs a full-length portrait of Captain Morke, M. C., pointing with outstretched hand to a circular building, like the outside of a camera obscura, but which was doubtless the Pump-room. By the empty grate stands a banner-screen, magnificently embroidered with the arms of the House of Ballygobooly, of which the captain was a scion. A family-tree, rolled loosely up, and looped with green silk, is suspended over the piano, ready to be unrolled on the slightest provocation. Mr. Woodford had plenty of time to observe these details, had he been so minded, but he was not, although he had never been in that room before.

"What the deuce did that fool of a girl mean by saying that was 'her master's hat'?" soliloquized he. "I wish the next half-hour was over. It was always her way to keep people waiting." At last he hears a stiff silk dress rustling against the banisters of the stairs without, and steps hastily into the shadow of a curtain. A lady, in reality rather older than herself, but looking much more juvenile, enters the room, and closes the door behind her—not without hesitation.

"You wish to see me, I believe, sir—Why, gracious powers, it is Ernest Woodford!"

"Yes, Clementina, it is I."

### CHAPTER XI. MRS. MORKE.

If the "situation" in which we left Mrs. Morke and her visitor was striking even to melodrama, the *dramatis personae* were commonplace enough. Of Mr. Ernest Woodford we know sufficient to acquit him of any suspicion of the heroic; and the lady who now stands opposite to him, with her hand upon her beating heart, has as little Romance about her as he. She is stout and fair, with scanty flaxen curls, such as the cheaper sort of dolls wear; her pink eyes are small, and very narrow at the corners, and with the frightened look which we now read in them, she reminds us exceedingly of a guinea-pig. The one positively good expression which she ordinarily possesses is Harshness. "Weak, but good-natured," would be the verdict that would usually be passed upon her by the charitable observer; but, like the animal to which we have ventured to compare her, "she has a kick in her" too, and she is at this moment striking out. For almost a minute, she stands irresolute, with her little eyes riveted upon the intruder, in terrified fascination, and feeling behind her for the handle of the door, as though she would have escaped by flight; but presently the blood which forsook her cheeks returns, her cream-colored complexion thickens, and her tight brow is puckered up with a frown.

"How dare you come here?" cries she. "Did you not pass your word never to molest me more? I say nothing about your own self-imposed and solemn oath, but did you not make me that promise, Mr. Woodford?"

"Yes, Clementina, I did."

"I beg you will not call me Clementina, sir. So you confess you have broken your



promise, do you? A pretty gentleman you are! My noble father always warned me how it would be. "Once ally yourself with trade, and you may bid good-bye to honor," were his very words. The southcom of the Ball lyabodies has been sufficiently smirched, I should have thought, without this further persecution."

"She is even a greater idiot than she used to be," muttered Mr. Woodford beneath his breath, but he answered her humbly enough. "I have that excuse to offer, Clementina, which no woman should treat with scorn—I find it impossible to live without you."

"You lie, sir!" she replied. "It was a curious speech to come from those indolent lips, but they snapped it out quick as sparks. 'Have I been your wife for two long years, not to know better than that?' Was I necessary to your existence for a single hour? did you not treat me—and suffer her to treat me—as though I were a nonentity; a piece of furniture; no, the mistress of your house? Did a day, a month, a year, without some slight being put upon me by yourself, seem insult to her? Can I ever forget it, think you? Can I ever forgive it, Ernest Woodford? Never!"

It was surprising to see how her passion enabled this poor creature. Although her voice rose beyond its proper compass, and grew harsh and excited, and her ears as well as countenance glowed like unhealthily heated metal, the genuine sense of wrong reborned all such external drawbacks, and gave her words both strength and pathos.

"Look you," she went on, "I did not seek your hand, sir, but you mine. You were rich, it is true; but you were born and bred as you are now, and as you are now, I will be to your dying day. I was poor, but I was a lady. That pedigree—yes, you may sneer, but you would give half your wealth to come of such a stock—that pedigree, sir, was weighed against your purse. If I had chosen to have borne you offspring, you would have been more proud to think that those children had noble blood in their veins than that they would inherit your gold. But since you were disappointed of this, you meanly visited your spite on me; nay, more, you suffered that vile woman also, whom you yourself despised, to vent her spleen upon me. Perhaps I could have pardoned all besides, but I hated you for that, sir, and I hate you now."

He put up his hand, as though in mitigation of such direful words; but the floodgates of her pent-up rage were opened, and she could not perhaps have stayed its current even if she would.

"A woman must be fairly wronged indeed, sir, ere she casts away her husband's name, as I have yours, though not so much, indeed, because you bore it, as because your sister did. A woman must be conscious of her blanchiness, when, after having fed her husband's roof, she comes to dwell in the very place from which he took her among old friends. They address me by my maiden title, sir, and all, they ignore from a delusion which you cannot comprehend, the events of those two years I passed in bondage, with your sister for a jailer, and I will add that had you sent up your card, with that hateful name of Woodford on it, you would have escaped those home truths to which you have now listened, for I would never have consented to see your face."

Here she paused for breath (but not at all for words, albeit she was a woman of impetuous both slow and swift of speech), and Mr. Woodford, pale as death, made some faint, forced exclamation. "Mistress Morke, if you will have it so, although your reason for rejecting my poor name is surely valid, since my sister no longer bears it."

"Is she dead?" interrupted the other with sudden vehemence. "If such news as that has indeed brought you hither, Ernest Woodford, I can forgive your coming."

"She is not dead, Clementina; she is married."

"Married? Impossible! You are deceiving me. Indeed, I am not. Here is proof of what I say, and of much more." Mr. Woodford stepped forward, and placing in his wife's hand the penneled note which had been the immediate cause of his visit, watched her narrowly while she read it.

"So this woman has a child!" said Mrs. Morke in low but ringing tones. "Remember her treatment of your nephew and niece, Ernest, I pity her fate. And she sneers at you, her brother, because you are without an heir. You must have parted on bad terms."

"We did so. She expressed her gratification when your Charles told her how you were so kind to Clementina, and I told her what I had long had in my mind about her. She warned me at that time not to come hither or seek any reconciliation with you. That is what first set me thinking about it."

"Ah!"

"Mr. Woodford's remark was not strictly complimentary, but the other did not take it at all in displeasure; on the contrary, he replied with a certain amount of satisfaction about it that is rarely condescended in a non-syllable. 'Ah!' repeated she, 'that did it.' And now, when she writes to say that your wealth is, as it were, broken, certain to fall into the hands of Selma's son as soon as you are dead, and taunts you with your childlessness—I can read in your face how the boot rankles. So, then, if I—your wife—should consent to turn to you, there would be no such element for this hateful woman's anxiety and fear would grow her heart."

"Would you guess whatever substitute nature has appointed for that organ," shouted Mr. Woodford grimly. "Your sagacity saves me a world of explanation, Clementina. How I hate her! you don't know how I hate her!" and the speaker slowly turned his swarthy hands over the other, like some malevolent Eastern man, who had received an esteemed order for wholesale strangulation.

"Push, push!" answered Mrs. Morke; "you love her."

Ernest Woodford strove to smile, but his lips declined their office, and only showed his glistening teeth.

"You love her, I say, in comparison with hate like mine. You do not know, you can not guess, what I have to avenge! You will repent of this scheme of yours, even yet. You will not be able to stand the ridicule of society, although you have endured my contempt to-day with a forbearance which considering what your temper is has really done you credit."

"She told me that I would never bear

with either, Clementina, and therefore I have endured the one, and will ignore the other. Besides—if you really think of doing me this favor—at Sandwithwaite, nobody knows that I have ever been married. It is a place entirely secluded, and out of the way of all gossip. Not dull, you know," added Mr. Woodford hastily, as Mrs. Morke cast rather a desponding glance at her *madre natura* trimmed in the latest fashion—"not dull, like Sandwithwaite, but quiet; and the society exceedingly select; county families—clergy, and a medical gentleman of great intelligence and skill. You will be considered, of course, to be a lady."

A gleam of topaz-light illumined Mrs. Morke's pink eyes. She had been a lady already, and the experience had not been satisfactory, but the illusion is one of which a woman is not easily dispossessed, or she should not have so many unmanly wives, unsubmitting to the yoke a second time. Ernest Woodford saw his advantage, and pressed it carefully.

"Come, then, I mean to you that if I have anything to forget with respect to my married life, except my own discomfort, it is forgotten. The person who caused our disagreements, or, at all events, carelessly strove to prevent them, has now exhibited herself in her true colors. If you would only try me, if you would but consent to cancel that deed of separation."

"Make no rash promises, Ernest," interposed Mrs. Woodford gravely. "Forgive me if the past has rendered me somewhat incredulous. I will suppose, however, that if I succeed to your request, I shall at least be mistress in my own house; and I do not seek pay. I have lived here so retired a life, and that in a place where, as you well know, I was once—"

"Honored, adored," exclaimed Mr. Woodford hastily. "Yes, that is very true."

"Where I was once, at all events, much sought after, Ernest," continued Mrs. Woodford, unconsciously assuming for an instant the pose in which she had long ago been painted by Charles R. A. as the Nymph at the (chalybeate) Spring. Then once more relapsing into melancholy, she added: "You do not know how lonely I have been here; worse, far worse than any widow, for I had not even the sad solace of the remembrance of past kindness."

"Forgive me, Clementina," cried her husband, hiding his eyes in his hand, perhaps, like the painter of old, from want of confidence in his own powers of expressing the sublimer feelings.

He heard her silk dress coming towards him, and felt her palm place lightly upon his shoulder, and yet he did not lift his eyes.

"You are ashamed of yourself, Ernest," said she, quietly. "I cannot say that you ought not to be so; but that is enough. I will be your wife once more."

"Clementina," cried he, taking her hand in his, and making as though he would salute her lips, "you are too good! How shall I ever show my gratitude for this?"

"I am not good, Ernest," returned she, in that encouraging, not dissimulating, but from her, exuberant, "and you may prove your gratitude very easily."

"By doing what—only say what," replied her husband with eagerness.

"By sitting down at once to write to your sister, the London post does not go out for half an hour, she will then receive the news of our reconciliation by breakfast time tomorrow."

"Give me the pen and paper, Clementina," answered Mr. Woodford grimly. "They say 'letters sharpen the stomach,' and Selma shall certainly have that argument for her morning meal."

"The editor of the *De Moines* (Ivory Register) has been presented with a grasshopper which he says weighs three to the pound. One cabbage head makes just a nice supper for four of this sort. He is two and a half inches long, and still an infant, his wings just beginning to come out of his back. He is one of the kind that has become a burden."

"Lard is reported to be extensively adulterated in this country with water, terra alba, paraffine, and other substances. A practical chemist states that he has examined specimens in the hands of dealers, adulterated to the extent of 50 per cent. Some Western specimens, it is mentioned, have contained from 10 to 30 per cent of water."

"Epiphany, one of the festival days in Naples, it was customary to have some two or three miles through the city to the river, and where, during that time, and endure the most disgusting buffets and insults. So the treatment to which his person has to submit that it is often difficult, even by the offer of large pecuniary rewards, to induce any one to accept the office. On one occasion an American sailor, tempted by the gold, accepted the job. His ignorance of the language spared him the verbal outrages, but the outrages upon his person were fully appreciated. He endured all bravely until, when near the close of his work, he was assailed personally in the most offensive manner. Shaking his dripping garments, he turned upon his assailants and exclaimed: 'Villains, wait till I have done playing Clio, and I'll clean out this town.'"

"The apple trade in the western part of New York has been very brisk, large quantities being shipped daily for the eastern markets. The other day a single boat load of 25,000 barrels passed through this city. Apples grown in this part of the state have not been plentiful enough for the demand. Shipments have been made from Wayne county, and there they are much larger and better than the apples we purchase. Greenings and Spitzenbergs can be purchased in this city at \$4 per barrel of three bushels each and barrel included, which will bring this fine fruit at \$1.25 per bushel.—*Ches. Herald*, 5th."

"There is a convict in the Philadelphia jail who has been under sentence of death sixteen years, and who has been reprieved each successive year. There are several cases somewhat similar in Maine, where murderers have been confined nearly or quite twenty years, and whom any Governor may hang 'at pleasure.'"

"A man crawled two and a quarter miles on all fours, in the northern part of New York state, last Saturday, to win a wager of ten dollars. He made the distance in two hours and six minutes."

"An amusing incident happened in the University of Cambridge, England, the other day. An anti-to-bacco orator announced that he would deliver a lecture in the town hall. At the appointed hour the building was densely crowded with demure undergraduates, whose unwonted decorum, however, was by old hands regarded as the ominous hall before a storm. The lecturer, on ascending the rostrum, was greeted with a few mild plaudits, but on the commencement of the oration every undergraduate produced a pipe surcharged, which he immediately proceeded to light. This, of course, produced a riot, and the proceedings ended in smoke, a prominent tobaccoist being elected to the chair. The lecturer's pipe being thus homeopathically put out, he gracefully withdrew, and Cambridge still enjoys its uninterrupted cigars."

"During the removal of articles from the Paris Exhibition, in the Italian section, a workman called to one of his comrades to assist him in lifting an immense cheese, which had stood against a wall, and they found that the article was as light as a drum. A family of rats had installed themselves in it, and nothing but a mere shell remained."

"Don't wait for your fervor to cool before you eat. The workman at a foundry might as well wait for the molten iron to cool before pouring it into the mould."

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

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We hope that in a reasonable proportion of cases the result was satisfactory; while we have no doubt in the majority of cases, the attempt utterly failed, and a family verdict was brought in, that the editor of *The Post* might know how to conduct a paper, or even to "keep an hotel," but as to his unleavened bread, it was not fit for a dog to eat.

In fact, one lady of our acquaintance—a very talented lady, an every-body admires, and an estimable lady, and a lady who knows what good cooking is for, we can testify, and a friend to the improvement of the human race, and a believer in reforms in general, and a scholar, and one whose name denotes that she is her "father's girl," (which latter of course signifies that she knows how to bake bread, this lady, who ought to have known better, and to have done better, absolutely had the assurance to inform us in a letter, that she had tried the Indian cakes we had so warmly recommended, and that they were uncommonly poor eating.

Oh, the perversity, we had almost said degeneracy of the human mind to say female "heart"! Brethren, and sisters, we almost fear we have bestowed on you much labor in vain.

But we will make one more attempt—especially as the work is all done to our hand, by our "better half"—this is a form of compliment occasionally used by husbands towards their wives—in the "LADY'S FRIEND" for December. Now listen all ye doubters, and be silenced all ye contumacious! Hear our last, best information upon the important subject of

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A similar experience, though not so bad, in regard to unleavened meal, has driven us to adopt a new process. We buy half a peck of wheat, the best grade possible, and have it ground at home in a hand-mill (large-sized roller-mill). Of this we make a thick batter with milk and a little salt, and let it stand all night, in the morning stir well, drop into the heated iron pans, and bake in a hot oven. These biscuits are, of course, but light and very sweet—more so than when made of any meal we have ever found in the market. If any tatter is left, it is dropped on a hot griddle as clappers, which are very nice. We have found the grain to grind better if it is well dried previously.

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We may add to the above, that all physiologists agree that the use of the unleavened in preference to the leavened wheat and rye, is very desirable to those who would consult health. A leading Dentist in New York attributes the early decay of the teeth, to the absence in the common food of just those elements which are removed in the process of bolting flour. We see it stated that the average composition of the bran of English wheat, is water 13 per cent, gluten 18, fat 6, starch and other non-nitrogenous substances 63. The amount of gluten indicates a large percentage of the nitrogenous elements, which are the flesh and muscle forming compounds.

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robe of white, than when a long line of muddy water (the consequence of salting) was seen down the middle of every street. As we write this, on Saturday, it is again snowing.

PLENTY OF GOLD ABOUT SOMEWHERE.—It is stated in the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, that the excess of the production of the precious metals in this country over the net exports from 1849 to 1867 inclusive, amounts to the astonishing aggregate of \$431,000,000, so that we have actually more gold in the country than we have greenbacks in circulation. We have in the same period coined \$873,000,000 at our mints.

Now, where is this gold? Uncle Sam has about 110,000,000, and the Banks have, we believe, about 20,000,000 more; but where is the other \$300,000,000? We, for one, have not got five dollars of it, all told. The majority of our Bankers would not be apt to keep much of it on hand, losing interest; although the speculators in Gold may have some. Are our farmers, merchants, mechanics, &c., hoarding gold? We think it doubtful—that is, to any great extent. Where then are these hundreds of millions of gold? Now that the great question, "Where do the pigs go to?" has been decided, we trust that the intellectual ability and stupidity of the country will be turned in this direction.

THE PUBLISHER'S UNIFORM TRADE LIST DIRECTORY FOR 1868.—This work which is devoted to the special interests of publishers is now being revised. It will contain the complete list of books published by 200 leading houses. It is designed to save publisher the expense of printing and sending to booksellers their separate lists, and to enable booksellers, librarians, and book buyers to refer readily to any list desired to make up orders by. Mr. Howard Challen of Philada. the compiler, has in press an Alphabetical Catalogue, of all books published from January, 1866, to January, 1868, and desires any publisher or author who has issued any book during that period, to send full title, size, price, &c.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WIDOW'S SON. By Mrs. Emma F. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Lost Hecress, &c." The author says:—"I wish to say to my friends that this tale is no mere fiction. The scenes in the Widow's Cottage are photographed from life. The history of 'The Widow's Son' is that of one of our wealthiest merchants and most celebrated philanthropists." The price of this work is \$2 bound in cloth, or \$1.50 in paper. Our readers will remember that we offer \$3.00 worth of T. B. Peterson's books, to any subscriber who sends us a list of four subscribers at \$2.50 each. Or, we will send the above, or any of Mrs. Southworth's works (bound in paper), postage paid by us, to any person who will send us two new subscribers to the Post at \$2.50 apiece. These new subscribers will also receive a copy of our Premium Engraving of Washington.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—For those wishing to obtain a complete selection of the most interesting articles which appear in the English reviews and magazines, this publication is probably the best they can take. It is published weekly by Little & Gay, Boston, at eight dollars a year. GUSTAVUS CLINCK. A Practical Contribution to the Study of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children. By GEORGE T. ELLIOT, JR., A. M., M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THE ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

ELIA; OR, SPAIN FIFTY YEARS AGO. Translated from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA. A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. A sequel to "The Draytons and the Davenants." By the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." Published by M. W. Dodd, 596 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by J. S. Claxton, Philada.

THE CLIFFORD HOUSEHOLD. By J. E. Moore. Published by M. W. Dodd, No. 596 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by J. S. Claxton, Philada.

ELISE DINSMORE. By MARTHA FAIRBANKSON, author of "Armandale," "Allan's Fault," "Brookside Farm-house," etc., etc. Published by M. W. Dodd, 605 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by J. S. Claxton, Philada.

THE LITTLE FOX; OR, THE STORY OF CAPTAIN SIR F. L. MCLINTOCK'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION. Written for the Young. By S. T. C., author of "Little Facts for Little People," "Waggie and Wattle," &c., &c. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and also for sale by J. S. Claxton, Philada.

MY PRISONERS. Memoirs of Silvio Pellico. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE LAYMAN'S BELIVARY. From the German of Leopold Schefer. By C. T. Briggs. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. Both this, and Silvio Pellico's famous book, are gotten up in holiday style.

THE FAMILY SAVE-ALL. Containing Miscellaneous Receipts and Invaluable Hints for Economy in every Article of Household Use. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philada.



## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

**CONGRESS.**—In the U. S. Senate, on the 9th, on motion of Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, the Secretary of the Treasury was called upon for information as to the names and residences of persons to whom captured and abandoned property has been given up, the amount surrendered, etc., and also for correspondence in regard to the cotton cases adjudicated by the Court of Claims. Mr. Ramsey, of Minnesota, offered a resolution, which was laid over, directing the Foreign Committee to inquire into the expediency of a treaty with Canada for perfect reciprocity of trade and commerce, and the cession to the United States of that portion of British America known as the Northwest Territory. Mr. Fessenden has introduced a joint resolution, which was adopted, looking to a reduction of the expenditures of Congress.

In the House, Mr. Briggs carried through, on the 9th, his bill renewing the grants of public lands to railroad companies in Michigan and Wisconsin. Washburne, of Illinois, opposed the bill strenuously, but it passed by a vote of 108 to 29.

**WISCONSIN.**—The official result of the November election in Wisconsin shows that for Governor the Republicans cast 73,637 votes, and the Democrats 68,873, a Republican majority of 4,764.

**BOSTON.**—Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, Democrat, has been elected Mayor of Boston by 458 majority. The majority for Norcross, Republican, over the Democratic candidate last year, was 1,064.

**PITTSBURG.**—The Labor Reform ticket was supported by the Democrats. The Labor Reform party succeeded in electing their candidate for Mayor by 2,873 majority, and for Treasurer by 2,360 majority; whilst the Republicans elected their candidate for Controller by 462 majority. James Blackmore, who was elected Mayor, was the Democratic candidate for that office two years ago, but was defeated by the Republican candidate by 53 majority.

**THE CONVENTIONS.**—The Reconstruction Conventions are to meet in Mississippi and Arkansas, a majority of the registered voters having voted at the reconstruction elections. The Mississippi Convention is called by Gen. Ord to meet at Jackson on January 7th, and the Arkansas Convention at Little Rock the same day. In South Carolina the returns thus far received indicate that only a minority of the registry voted.

**ALABAMA.**—A colored Conservative club has been formed at Montgomery. The whole affair appears to have been managed by blacks. The colored speakers denounced the so-called carpet-bag members of the Reconstruction Convention, and declared that the colored people were enemies to themselves if they any longer refuse to heed the advice and counsel of their true and tried friends, the old inhabitants of the South. The resolution adopted declares in strong terms against the ratification of the Constitution.

**DAKOTA.**—The Dakota Legislature met on Monday week. It is the first Legislature of that Territory with a Republican majority.

**TENNESSEE.**—The Tennessee Senate has passed the bill giving negroes the same rights of travel as the whites in that state. It had previously passed the House.

## Foreign Intelligence.

**ENGLAND.**—All public funerals in honor of the executed Manchester Fenians, have been summarily put a stop to by the Government.

**ATTEMPT TO RELEASE BURKE.**—A reckless attempt was made on the 13th, to release the recently arrested Fenian Colonel Burke, who is confined in Clerkenwell prison. Powder was placed beneath one of the prison walls, and was exploded, it is supposed, by Burke's confederates. The whole side of the wall was blown into the air. The force of the explosion was so great that the adjoining buildings were destroyed. Some lives must have been lost, and it is widely rumored that as many as twenty persons were killed, and their bodies were found in the ruins.

During the morning repairs had been commenced on the wall, and later in the day some unknown men were seen to roll a barrel, which doubtless contained powder, under the place where the repairs were being made.

Shortly after the explosion took place, two men and a woman were found in the vicinity, and were arrested on suspicion. The excitement there is so great that it is impossible to obtain any correct account of the casualties.

Burke was confined in an inner cell, and could not escape by the breach in the wall, and he has since been removed to a place of greater security.

**ITALY.**—The cable has reported that Garibaldi has again escaped from Capri, and that a new movement against Rome will be made. There is reason to doubt, however, the latter part of this report. The Prime Minister, Menabrea, in a speech in the House of Representatives, recently admitted that the Italian Government would take possession of Rome only with the consent of France and the other European powers.

Violent debates have taken place in the Italian Parliament in relation to recent events at Rome. The Liberal members assailed the Ministers bitterly.

Serious apprehensions are entertained of an insurrection in Naples, in which city the demonstrations against the Government have been unusually violent.

**FRANCE.**—It is thought, from the tenor of the French legislative speech of M. Rouher, that Napoleon has adopted a policy respecting the Roman question which coincides with the views and desires of the Clerical party.

**AUSTRIA.**—Final arrangements were signed recently at Vienna, by virtue of which the Empress Charlotte is recognized universal heiress of her deceased husband, and preserves, with her dowry, the palace of Miramar and the Island of Lacerona. The Court of Vienna also restores to her the jointure to which she has a right by her marriage contract, but which she had given up on the accession of her husband to the throne of Mexico.

**PRUSSIA.**—The Prussian Diet has approved the private treaties indemnifying the displaced Princes of Hanover and the other Provinces annexed by Prussia.

**HAYTI.**—Hayti, which seems never to be at peace, is troubled with a new outbreak.

At present the Haytian rebel army numbers eight thousand, and they are bent on overthrowing Salnave, who, on his side, declares that he will blow up his capital rather than submit. The rebels want Geffard back, and the same turbulent spirits that drove him away are now said to be clamoring for his return.

**ST. THOMAS.**—A despatch from St. Thomas says the inhabitants are repairing their houses and endeavoring to make them once more habitable.

At Porto Rico daily shocks of earthquake occur, and the people are living in the open fields, having abandoned their houses. Dr. Livingstone, the last mail from England, contains a good deal of additional information; but before learning his fate, the world will have to wait for the report of the English expedition now on its way to or is probably now in Africa, which is to search for him.

## What the Hair Denotes.

Viewed naturally, the hair is as great an index of temperament and disposition as the features. Mr. Creer, in his volume on hair, for instance, quotes the following indications of character founded upon the set and texture of flowing locks from a book recently published in Paris, entitled "Secrets of Beauty."

"Coarse black hair and dark skin signify great power of character, with a tendency to sensuality. Fine black hair and dark skin indicate strength of character, along with purity and goodness. Stiff, straight black hair and beard indicate a coarse, strong, rigid, straightforward character. Fine dark brown hair signifies the combination of exquisite sensibilities with great strength of character. Flat, clinging, straight hair, a melancholy, but extremely constant character. Harsh, upright hair, is the sign of a reticent and sour spirit; a stubborn and harsh character. Coarse red hair and whiskers indicate powerful animal passions, together with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair, with florid countenance, denotes the highest order of sentiment and intensity of feeling, purity of character, with the highest capacity for enjoyment and suffering. Straight, even, smooth and glossy hair denotes strength, harmony and evenness of character, hearty affections, a clear head and superior talents. Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate and sensitive temperament, and speaks in favor of the mind and character of the owner. Crisp, curly hair indicates a hasty, somewhat impetuous and rash character. White hair denotes a lymphatic and indolent constitution; and we may add that besides all these qualities there are chemical properties residing in the coloring matter of the hair-tube which undoubtedly have some effect upon the disposition. Thus, red-haired people are notoriously passionate. Now red hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, while every black hair is colored with almost pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points to peculiarities of temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them. The very way in which the hair flows is strongly indicative of the ruling passions and inclinations, and perhaps a clever person could give a shrewd guess at the manner of a man or woman's disposition by only seeing the backs of their heads.

**An American Girl Asking for Baked Apples.**

A party of Americans were stopping at a French hotel. Among them was a young lady in whose system nature had implanted a weakness for baked apples. This estimable fruit, prepared in that way, is unknown in Paris. In the crude state it is admired; enshrined in a tart it is adored; but they never develop its graces, like the flowers on a china vase, by mortifying the lusts of its rather unrefined flesh in an oven. Made-moiselle had, nevertheless, made up her mind to satisfy her cravings, and the first day of her appearance at breakfast asked for some baked apples. She did not get them, for the simple reason that none of the people in the hotel knew what she meant. The second day, on taking her seat, she said simply and curtly, "I should like some baked apples." The next day, "I want some baked apples." On the fourth she came like an inevitable doom and froze the muscles of the waiters with the words, "I must have some baked apples." On the morning of the fifth day, the family on approaching the table found their persevering relative seated with a plate of that fruit before her. How this result was attained was never known. By what mysterious operation the waiters discovered the meaning of those English words—for Made-moiselle spoke no other language—and by what process they succeeded in imparting it to the cook, will probably never be known except to themselves. I am inclined to attribute it to the abstract strength of the human intellect working through a vigorous and unflinching agent.

"An editor became martial and was created captain. On parade, instead of 'two paces in front—advance!' he unconsciously bawled out, 'Cash—two dollars a year—advance!'"

"The Episcopal Church Journal advises clergymen not to marry."

"It is said that the Sprague Manufacturing Company, of Providence, are using cotton in their mills at Baltic that cost them twenty-one cents per pound, and that the same cotton was bought of a party who gave eighty-one cents a pound for it, and who has held it for a rise till within a month."

"Lamartine has a favorite dog which wears a collar with the following queer inscription: 'Lamartine belongs to me.'"

"The GIBNET. The gibnet, says a French wit, is a species of flattery to the human race. Three or four persons are hung, from time to time, for the sake of making the rest believe that they are virtuous."

"Several school girls in Indianapolis were poisoned recently by taking extract of belladonna. They all fell into convulsions, and a physician had to be called in. One of the girls confessed that she took the extract because she heard that 'it was good to make the eyes snap,' and wanted her to look bright."

## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

## Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelties for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S BULLE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARKING FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Chilled," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

## The Fashions, Fancy Work, &amp;c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the latest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

## BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS: \$2.50 A YEAR.

## SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS.

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (the all respects as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly as desired.

The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts. Address—

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

## Cheapness of Chinese Wares.

A vessel recently arrived at San Francisco with a large amount of goods from China, purchased at prices so remarkably cheap that the custom-house officers at that port would not believe in the veracity of the invoices, and seized the goods as falsely valued by the purchasers. The probability is, however, that the invoices are correct, it takes so little to sustain life in China, and wages are so low. In the importation were had some sets of porcelain bought for four dollars the set. Beautiful fans, painted by hand in brilliant colors, with figures of dragons and Chinese beauties, purchased at a cent each. Spades for garden use bought at the cost of a few cents each. Straw hats of a good quality invoiced at a cent each. Nice baskets, in sets of four, costing in the Celestial Kingdom but four cents a set, and other articles equally low.

## Novel Carriage-Horses Inside.

An ingenious idea has been carried out successfully in Cincinnati, by the construction of a one-wheeled carriage, propelled by the horses being inside. It consists of a large wooden wheel, fourteen feet in diameter and six feet broad, with footboard for the horses to hold. From the axle are suspended seats for the passengers, which axle extends on both sides beyond the wheel, it being only necessary to keep them balanced. Iron stays from the extremities of the axle are carried over the top rather in front, which supports the seat for the person who drives the vehicle, which is done with the greatest ease, and it can turn in a much shorter space than a coach. A successful trial was made recently with one, carrying twenty-four passengers and two heavy draught horses, previously trained, as they are entirely unfettered by harness. A distance of five miles was performed in twenty-eight minutes. The work of the horses is easy, as they travel on an endless plank road.

A rival to the Yo-Semite Valley is coming into notice in California. It is called the Hatch-hatch Valley, and is situated on the Tuolumne river. The falls are 1,700 feet in height, and are very picturesque.

A partner in one of our eminent commercial firms, on looking into a new-paper recently, suddenly inquired, "Who is this Dickens they are making such a fuss about?" Such is fame.

The Scottville (Virginia) Register recently published a marvellous story about the antics of a ghost on the farm of Mr. Moon, near that place. It has been ascertained that the ghost was a negro, with a magic lantern, who had been employed by a party who wished to buy the farm to frighten the family off of it, with the hope that he might get it for a small sum.

A fellow was brought to King James I. who could eat, it was said, a whole sheep at a meal. "What else can he do," asked the king, "more than other men?" "No," said the fellow, "he can do nothing." "Then," said James, "for it is a pity a man should live who eats the share of twenty men, and can do no more than one."

The Fort Smith Herald says the Arkansas river is so low above that place that last week a drove of cows stopped to drink in it, and they drank it in two.

"What!" exclaimed an Irishman to a gentleman who was threatening to chastise his dog for barking incessantly: "what! would ye bate the dumb animal for spakin' out?"

The Rev. Charles H. Brigham, who, for many years, has been a leading contributor to the North American, the Examiner, and other leading magazines, lately wrote and preached his three thousandth sermon. Mr. Brigham is now pastor of the Unitarian church at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

A newspaper firm in Mississippi has recently filed a petition in bankruptcy. Among the assets given in schedule B is a list of subscribers who are in arrears.

## A Parisian Story.

The following story affords a little insight into the characteristics of the Parisian *demi-monde*. Dr. B— was awakened in the middle of the night from his first, and scarcely begun sleep, by the convulsive jerking of his foot-bell. The cause was a rent—it was no less than that of poisoning, a young woman near by was lying at the point of death. Of course, the doctor jumped into his clothes, and, seizing his stomach pump and medicine case, followed the messenger, who led him to the second floor of a handsome house, while he was ushered into a more gorgeous than elegant room. Everything betokened luxury and extravagance, while nothing denoted taste. From the appearance of the surroundings, the experienced medical man could scarcely believe in a case of self-poisoning, and yet he was wrong; for not only was there every symptom, but the patient and doer of the deed was, in fact, the same in person. But the good doctor had no time to make needless moral reflections, for the case demanded instant action; the young woman, in the richest negligé, was already in convulsions. The proper remedies were at once applied, and shortly she was saved from her apparently certain death. The doctor left her calmly sleeping, and thought no more of it. However, two days afterward, a man with white hair, white cravat, and a distinguished appearance, came to his office and spoke as follows:

"My dear sir, you have saved the life of a being for whom I felt a deep and genuine attachment; and at the same time you have spared me the remorse and regret which, had she died, would never have left me. I was hard, stern, and close, I admit; the poor child wanted a little carriage, such as everybody has; I refused her, and she thought I loved her no longer; therefore she tried to kill herself. I hold it as my duty to thank you personally, and consider myself through your kindness and exertion, forever obliged to you."

After this solemn address, the venerable lover laid a roll of ten franc pieces on the mantel, made his obeisance, and disappeared.

On the third day, during the doctor's consultation hours, a stout, gross man, well into the forties, appeared, with a huge brilliant in his bosom, sparkling diamonds on his fingers, a heavy gold chain, embroidered gloves, and a speaking voice.

"My dear sir," said he, after fetching a heavy sigh, "I came to offer you my thanks on account of the little fool who tried to poison herself. She and I had a trifling scene of jealousy together; perhaps I was to blame, because I didn't fancy a young fellow that she wished to pass off as her cousin; sir, I am somewhat passionate, and I threatened to leave her; I really didn't think that the poor girl was so foolishly in love with me. If it hadn't been for you, she would surely have gone off, and would have been the third who has died for me. But everybody must live by his trade, and by this I hope to be quits with you."

And so saying, the paunchy man counted slowly, and with a solemn air, three hundred francs, in five franc pieces, on the bureau. After piling them up in three equal towers, he took his leave with a low bow.

The doctor was alone, and just a little puzzled and dissatisfied with himself. His mind running on the affair, he did not notice the half-hour which elapsed before a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a young man of about thirty, dressed in the latest style, his hair parted in the middle, and long locks hanging from his cheeks down upon his shoulders.

"You are Dr. B—," he said.

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I have come, doctor, to thank you for the care which you have bestowed upon one of my neighbors, a charming creature, who had the goodness to offer me a little attention, and whom I, through infidelity, threw into despair. The poor girl took the affair much more tragically than I should have believed. Really, I shouldn't have thought of her. I'm sorry, doctor, that just now I am not in a position to show myself truly grateful. The Baccarat has treated me rather shabbily lately; but let me say to you that you may forever count upon me as a friend."

With this he stretched out his hand, contemplated himself in the glass, stroked his hair, and hopped off in a very dandy-like manner. The anxious reflections which the doctor indulged in after this may perhaps be imagined; but he finally resolved to visit the feminine cause of his perplexity, and so went to the recovering but unrepentant Magdalene, and said:

"The obligation which you may perhaps feel in my trifling service has expressed itself in a manner which rather confuses me. This ransom of a hundred ten franc pieces I have received from an elderly gentleman, who appeared to be of means. Therefore, I shall keep it. But a second individual has left me a sum of money which I cannot and will not accept; it belongs to you, therefore take it and rid me of it. In regard to the other person, he only deceives you. But, at any rate, you seem to have three very devoted friends."

"Ah, sir," she murmured, "if he had loved me as much as they do, I should not have given up to despair."

"What do you say? Is there still an other?"

"Of course! the legitimate of the Gaite Theatre, who has left me to go to London, where he has got an engagement. Perhaps you think I would have killed myself on account of the others?"

The physician, made callous though he was by the incidents of his life, thought this was too much, and suddenly left, taking all the money with him.

Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of New York, turns the poor little urchins of his school with a good hot soup-dinner every day.

In Germany, when a paper says anything witty, they kill the editor; and not one editor has been killed there for two hundred years.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

Peking boasts of a paper which the Chinese declare is over a thousand years old. They had printing material there, they say, before Adam discovered Paradise.

The London Times has a subscriber 100 years old, who has read that paper since it was first started. Such are the consequences of taking and reading any good paper.

A willow in New Haven, Conn., has been sued for \$20,000 for breach of promise.

The new British knapsack weighs only four pounds three ounces.

Stewart, the great dry goods merchant of New York, is said to have lost a round million of dollars by the shrinkage in prices.

A Milwaukie, Connecticut, editor saw, a few days ago, a young girl of heraplike beauty, who had no teeth. He explains by adding that she was only six months old.

## Dr. Haden's Pills (Contd.) Are Infal-

lible as a Purgative and Purifier of

the Blood.

RUDE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or aerenous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Haden's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and most purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

marl-cow-11

Purge out the morbid humors of the blood by a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS, and you will have clearer heads as well as bodies.

dec14-11

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are a sure remedy for all sexual complaints and may be taken by females of all ages who are suffering from a disordered system, or those distressing diseases in particular which frequently occur (from intemperance) at the turn of life. They are so mild that the most delicate female may take them with perfect safety.

As a preventive and antidote for NEURALGIA, NERVE-ACHE, and every similar nervous disease, nothing can compare with DR. TOWNSEND'S TROSCHETS, or LITTLE NEURALGIA PILLS. Its success in treating and stimulating the nerve fluid is beyond dispute. Apothecaries have this medicine.

## MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of Nov., by Friends Ceremony, in presence of Mayor M. Michael, Jonathan P. Carter, Esq., to Miss HANNAH ALLEN, both of Woodstock, Salem county, New Jersey.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. G. W. Darbrow, Mr. JAMES GARGO to Miss ELIZA S. DOWNER, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Chas. D. Cooper, AMBROSE L. CRAW to ELIZA H., daughter of Mr. H. Mason, both of this city.

On the 11th of Nov., by the Rev. Charles Hill, Mr. CHARLES J. KIMBROUGH to Miss SARAH B. RICHARDS, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Darbrow, J. L. WYCKOFF to LILLIE WORTHINGTON, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, J. L. WYCKOFF to LILLIE WYCKOFF, daughter of the late Saml. Young.

On the 11th of Nov., by the Rev. Chas. Cooper, Mr. WILLIAM BRADY to Miss SUE B. WILKINSON, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, ROBERT J. HARRINGTON, aged 52 years.

On the 10th instant, Capt. BENJAMIN McMAKIN, in his 62d year.

On the 10th instant, Mr. JAMES M. MURFORD, in his 54th year.

On the 10th instant, NATHANIEL WARREN, in his 54th year.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM HUNTER, in his 32d year.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM W. WILKINSON, in his 38th year.

On the 10th instant, Miss REBECCA N. WATSON, in her 50th year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. LORANAH HOOD, in her 90th year.

On the 10th instant, ELIZABETH S. DAVENPORT, in her 43d year.

## THE MARKETS.

**FLOUR.**—The market has been dull, 3000 bbls of extra family sold for shipment at \$10.50 for north-west and \$11.00 for Penna and Ohio 500 bbls, in lots, to the retailers and bakers, at \$5.50 per bushel; \$5.50 per bushel for extra, \$5.75 per bushel for low grade and fancy northwest extra family, \$11.00 for Penna and Ohio family, and \$12.50 per bushel for fancy brands, according to quality. 300 bbls of Eye Flour sold at \$5.50 per bushel.

**GRAIN.**—Prime Wheat continues scarce, 18,000 bush of prime red sold at \$2.25; 12,000 bush fair to good do at \$2.00; 2,500 bush of common do at \$1.90; 300 bush of a spring at \$2.40; and white at \$2.60; 2,500 bush, according to quality. Rye—4000 bush sold, in lots, at \$1.20; 1,750 bush for Penna, and \$1.50 per bush for Delaware. Corn—15,000 bush prime old yellow sold at \$1.00; 15,000 bush to condition; 20,000 bush new western mixed at \$1.25; 15,000 bush old western mixed at \$1.30. Oats—25,000 bush sold at 65¢ per bushel.

**PROVISIONS.**—The market continues dull. Sales of Pork at \$22.75 for old, and \$25 for new. \$20 for prime do, and \$19 for prime. Mess Beef sold at 65¢. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 16¢; 12¢; Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 16¢; and Shoulders, in salt, at 9¢; 10¢. Lard—sold at 12¢ and 10¢; 10¢; 10¢; and kept at 14¢; 15¢; and sold at 15¢; 16¢; Cheese—sales at 15¢; Eggs—sold at 25¢ per dozen.

**COTTON.**—About 600 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at 15¢; 17¢ for Uplands, and 18¢ for Sea Island.

**BARK.**—Quercitron—30 bbls of 1st No 1 sold at \$5.00 per ton.

**BEESWAX.**—Sales of Yellow at 10¢ per lb. S. S. COAL.—The cargo rates are \$1.25 per ton for White Ash, and \$1.30 per ton for Red Ash.

**FEATHERS.**—Western sold at 60¢ per fair and choice lots.

**EGGS.**—11¢; 12¢; Apples sold at 7¢; 7½¢. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 5¢; 5½¢; for full at 60¢; 65¢; 70¢; 75¢; for course; 80¢; 85¢; for tub washed; 90¢; 95¢; for extra Western pulled, and 100¢; 110¢; for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

**WOOL.**—Sales at prices ranging from 24 to 55¢ for double extra; 40¢; 45¢; for extra; 45¢; 48¢; for 100 lb; 48¢; for medium; 50¢; for coarse; 50¢; 52¢; for tub washed; 55¢; 58¢; for extra Western pulled, and 60¢; 65¢; for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

## PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The price realized from \$5.50 to \$7.00. 250 Cows brought from \$5.00 to \$6.00. Sheep—2000 head were disposed of at \$3.00 to \$4.00. 1500 Hogs sold at from \$9.50 to \$10.50 per 100 lbs.



Why, old Blonden's eldest daughter,  
cried a voice from the crowd.



"What, daughter of Mrs. Blondell, and sister of Miss Aurelia and Miss Florence?"

"Ees," replied half-a-dozen bucolic informants.

"And is she shut up in the Manor House?"

I inquired.

"To be sure she is," replied the man that first answered me. "Don't you know she is?" and the crowd seemed inclined to revert to their original incredulity at this insinuation that my ignorance was not genuine.

"No, I do not know it; but I can now readily believe it, for I heard the scream and cry of help that has been reported to you."

"And why didn't you go and rescue her?" called out one who appears to have been the wit of the parish, for everyone laughed at the idea as a good joke.

"Because," I replied, "I did not know what it meant, and intended, to inquire about it to-morrow morning. But you, my friends, can give me perhaps a satisfactory explanation. Why is Miss Blondell shut up?"

"Because she is mad," cried one.

"She is no more mad than I am," replied a female voice.

"Because she's got the tin," shouted a second.

"Shame! shame!" growled a general chorus.

"It's all the doctors' work," cried out another, "they'd swear your soul away for a guinea."

"But what motive could Mrs. Blondell have," I urged earnestly, "in confining the eldest daughter, if she be not insane?"

"Because she's got the tin," repeated the same voice that had previously offered this explanation.

"You mean she is the heiress. Have not her sisters money too?"

"Not a shiver," answered two or three voices.

"Can you presume seriously to charge Mrs. Blondell," I observed, becoming somewhat indignant at this popular denunciation of a woman who was my hostess and the mother of my fiancée, "with so cruel and illegal an act?"

"Why, didn't she tell old Mrs. Jervis that she wouldn't let Fanny Blondell out till she had married off the two younger girls?" exclaimed a shrill voice, sharpened with feminine indignation; "and didn't old Mrs. Jervis tell her she'd repeat it to her dying day; and didn't she say she didn't care, and that she'd do it to spite her husband, who left nearly all the property to Fanny?"

"It's the truth," shouted several voices.

"My friends," I replied, "I am exceedingly sorry to hear the statements you have made to-night, and to-morrow shall certainly investigate them. I have only recently made acquaintance with the family, and that in London, and never heard a word about this elder sister, Miss Fanny, till now. I trust what you have told me is exaggerated or based upon misrepresentation, and that what now seems black and foul will prove to be less heinous than you believe. Still I thank you for listening to me and answering my questions; and I hope you will go quietly to your homes. Perhaps some of you are thirsty, and if so, call the landlord to give you a mug of beer to drink the healths of my friend here and myself."

A shout of applause followed this short speech, the peroration of which produced a splendid effect, for everyone made a rush for the bar, little heeding Brancome and myself, who retreated at once up stairs.

No sooner was the door closed than a revolution of feeling overwhelmed me like a torrent of roaring waters.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## NOVEMBER.

Oh leaves, will you never be stayed,

Till all the garden is bare?

Fade! fade! fade!

They are falling and filling the air!

But what care I for the naked bushes,

So long as my darling is covered with blushes?

Oh rain, are you never to stop?

Oh sky, will you never be cleared?

Drop! drop! drop!

All over my hair and beard!

But what care I for the cold and wet ear I,

So long as my darling be warm and dry?

Oh winds, are you always to blow?

Oh, clouds, are you never to lift?

Snow! snow! snow!

I am up to my knees in the drift!

But what care I, though it cover my head,

So long as my darling be safe in her bed?

Oh, night, so laden with ill,

Will you never, never depart?

Chill! chill! chill!

To the innermost blood of my heart,

But what care I, though I freeze where I stand,

If my darling but throw me a kiss from her hand?

## A Wife's Prayer.

Lord bless and protect that dear person whom Thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his sorrows, a meet helper in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness, and discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor, and make me humble and obedient, useful and subservient, that he may delight each other according to Thy blessed Word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever. Amen.

A foreign paper thinks that Russia may show its designs on Turkey by Christmas. That is exactly what the United States will do, whether Russia does it or not.

How to make the Italian Revolution an assured success. Send the invincible and indomitable organ brigade as reinforcements.

## ONE DUST.

On thou, 'neath Satan's fierce control,  
Shall heaven its final rest bestow?  
I know not, but I know a soul  
That might have fallen as darkly low.

I judge thee not, what depths of ill  
Soe'er thy feet have found or trod;  
I know a spirit and a will  
As weak, but for the grace of God.

Shalt thou with full day-laborers stand,  
Who hardly canst have pruned one vine?  
I know not, but I know a hand  
With an infirmity like thine.

Shalt thou, who hast with scoffers part,  
E'er wear the crown the Christian wears?  
I know not, but I know a heart  
As flinty, but for tears and prayers.

Have mercy, O Thou Crucified!  
For even while I name Thy name,  
I know a tongue that might have lied  
Like Peter's, and an bowed with shame.

Fighters of good fights—just, unjust—  
The weak who faint, the frail who fall—  
Of one blood, of the self-same dust,  
Thou, God of love, hast made them all.

## Christmas in the Desert.

BY MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS.

### PART I.

It seemed all too good to be true: the rest from labor, the swift flight across southern seas, the landing amid strange, dark faces on a burnished shore, the slow, delicious journey through tamarisk groves and palm forests, and the halt in the Desert that came at last.

I had been doing for the last twelve months what young artists and authors are constantly doing to their own ruin, and the justifiable ill-humor of critics, namely, working against the grain. A sweet, generous, and beautiful patroness seeing me on the high road to brain fever or hopeless mediocrity, stepped forward in time and sent me to the Desert. If ever I achieve anything excellent, it will be owing to that lady, the Vittoria Colonna of her humble Michael Angelo. My little sister Mary came with me, and when I tell you that she was a teacher in a school, you will easily understand what an intoxicating thing it was for her to see a new world every day and have nothing to do from morning till night. The poor child could hardly believe in an existence without Czerny's scales being played on three or four pianos at once, and a barrel organ and brass band in the street. "Oh! Tom," she would say to me a dozen times a day, "I've got C scale and 'Wait for the Wagon' on my brain, and can't get rid of them," so that I verily believe to my beautiful Vittoria Colonna Mary's present well-being is due as much as my own.

We halted at a little military station on the borders of the Great Sahara, about a week before Christmas-day. The weather was perfect, and not too warm. A delicious mellow atmosphere enveloped palm, and plain, and mosque; the air, blown across thousands and thousands of acres of wild thyme and rosemary, refreshed us like wine; we seemed to have new souls and new bodies given us, and were as free from care as the swallows flying overhead. Travellers never came to Teshoun, as this little oasis is called; but we had placed ourselves under the guidance of an enterprising Frenchman, who transacted all sorts of business on the road between Mascara and Figig, the last French post in the Desert. His name was Dominique, and I shall always look upon him as the most remarkable man I ever knew. He was as witty as Sydney Smith, as clever at expediences as Robinson Crusoe, as shrewd a politician as Machiavelli, as apt at languages as Mezzofanti, and as brave as Garibaldi. Being a bachelor, Dominique was none the less ready to receive us, and with the help of an old Corsican named Napoleon, made us very comfortable. When Dominique was carrying His Imperial Majesty's mails to some remote stations southward, or gone to an Arab fair to buy cattle, Napoleon catered for us, and cooked for us, and did both admirably. Both master and servant spiced their dishes plentifully with that mother-wit, never seen in such perfection as in crude colonies where people without it would fare so ill.

"What are we to do for society for poor Mademoiselle?" asked Dominique, as he served our first dinner. "Monsieur can amuse himself with the officers of the garrison, but there are no ladies here."

"When my brother is out, I shall stay at home and talk to Napoleon," Mary said, with a mock assumption of dignity. "I don't want to be amused, Monsieur Dominique."

"Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle! the officers of the garrison will all fall in love with you, and that ought to amuse you better than talking to Napoleon," Dominique answered.

"It's a very dull life they lead here, these poor officers, and if it weren't for hunting gazelles and hyenas, and playing the deuce with the Arabs, they'd die of ennui; but a pretty young lady like you will turn their heads soon enough."

Mary blushed and tried to change the conversation.

"What do they do with themselves all day long?" she said.

"I'll tell you that quickly enough, Mademoiselle. M. le Commandant has to see that the Camels get what he can out of the Cheiks, and the Cheiks get what they can out of the tribes, and that the tribes hold their tongue. That is what the Commandant has to do, young lady, and he does it pretty well. M. le Capitaine has an easier time of it, except when there is an insurrection, and then he makes a raid against the Arabs, and after keeping his men out of their way very cleverly, sticks up the French flag somewhere in the Desert and comes home. M. le Lieutenant does odd jobs for the Commandant and the Capitaine, and plays the flute, but we have got M. le General down here for a few days, and he is setting everybody to work. I dare say the end of it will be an expedition into the Desert. You may look, Monsieur, I'm not talking at random. I assure you generals love war as umbrellas makers love bad weather, and it is easier to

make people fight, than it is to make it rain."

"I think French officers must be a wicked set; I hope none of them will come near us," Mary said. "The poor Arabs, how my heart bleeds for them!"

"Tiens! Mademoiselle, there is no reason for your heart to bleed. Big flies live on little ones all the world over, and if the French eat up the Arabs, the Arabs eat up each other, and would be starved else; the officers are very nice, harmless gentlemen, I assure you; and as to the Commandant, though he thinks fighting the best fun in the world, he wouldn't hurt a fly. To see him pet his little gazelle would make you cry. She's the only lady in the place, and I believe if she died it would break his heart. But people must have something to be fond of. My old Napoleon yonder has taken a fancy to a cat, and when the cat dies, Napoleon will be as lost as his name-sake the Emperor was at St. Helena. Listen a moment, that's the Lieutenant practising on his flute—he has a little lodging next door."

The Lieutenant played very prettily, and Mary seemed to like his playing much better than Dominique's stories. As her room adjoined the Lieutenant's, she seems likely to have the full benefit of his musical capacities; but I do not think she lay awake to be serenaded that night. We were fairly intoxicated with the sweet air of the Desert we had been breathing all day, and went to bed at eight o'clock, too tired and happy to dream.

Next morning Dominique informed us that he had himself delivered our letter of introduction to M. le Commandant, who promised to wait upon us in the course of the day. Not knowing at what hour we might expect him, we set to work immediately after breakfast to prepare my room for the reception of so distinguished a visitor. I helped Mary as well as I was able, and when nothing remained to do but the dusting, retired into a recess to trim my beard.

An Englishwoman is never so well dressed as when she emerges from her bedroom at early morning; and I must say that Mary looked the daintiest little housewife possible to conceive as she went about dusting and polishing in a pink cambric dress and tiny black apron. But neat as she was, and neat as my beard and the room were in a fair way of becoming, we were overwhelmed with surprise and confusion at what followed, for quite suddenly the door was thrown open, there was a military tramp and a rattling of a sword outside, and Dominique exclaimed in a voice of thunder,

"M. le Commandant."

Impossible self-possession is a beautiful quality, and whilst Mary and I stood blushing and agitated, like school children caught at dealing cherries, M. le Commandant had made a courteous speech welcoming us to Teshoun. Then we all sat down, and M. le Commandant talked to us. He was a sun-burnt soldierly man, about fifty-five, with a rough manner but a kind smile, and we felt at home with him in a moment.

"I presume that Monsieur wishes to see as much of the country as possible," he said, "and I shall be enchanted to place at Monsieur's disposal, horses, and my servant and a sphinx as guides. But what will Mademoiselle do whilst her brother is away? I must send her my little gazelle to play with her."

"My sister will like to go with me where it is practicable," I said.

The Commandant opened his eyes, and looked at Mary much as one looks upon a pretty little duckling or a year-old baby.

"Monsieur is evidently jesting," he answered. "Mademoiselle would be too fatigued to undertake such journeys."

"I don't think so," Mary said; "I have no fear, Monsieur, and I like to be with my brother."

"Ah, what courage you English ladies have! Well, Mademoiselle, we will find you a quiet horse, and make everything as pleasant as possible. And after inviting us to dine with him one evening and bidding us to make use of him in every possible way, he took leave of us.

"How nice he is!" cried Mary, as soon as the door was fairly closed; "if all French officers were like this one, Tom, I think we shall not care how long we stay in the Desert."

"Your heart has very quickly ceased to bleed for the poor Arabs, I see."

"But how can we be sure that Dominique's stories are all true? No, Tom, I won't believe any harm of this kind-looking Commandant—I only wish he had not come till the room was tidied and I had got on a muslin frock, but as we are sure of having no more visitors I'll finish your room and then unpack."

We were fairly at our work again, when another military step sounded, and another sword rattled in the passage outside. This time Dominique's arm swung back the door with less pomposity and Dominique's voice was a trifle less emphatic as he ushered in—

"M. le Capitaine."

Again Mary and I scuttled about like young rabbits and then stood still staring shyly, and again our embarrassment was met by the calmest nonchalance. The second visitor was a man of much more presence than the Commandant. He had the polished graceful ease of a man of the world, and though quite as good natured as the Commandant, his good nature pleased us less, because it was less spontaneous.

"I hope you will stay some time at Teshoun," he said looking at Mary. "The ennui of our lives here is terrible. Think of it, Mademoiselle, we have no theatre, no music, no society, and no domestic life. To find a lady here is like the miraculous advent of an angel." Mary blushed and had no courage to make the sprightly answers she had made the Commandant. The fine air and grand compliments of the Capitaine overcame the little thing, but she looked distractingly pretty as she sat opposite to him, smiling and blushing when he addressed her and only saying, "Oui, Monsieur, or 'Non, Monsieur,' or at most—

"Vraiment, Monsieur."

"Does Mademoiselle ride?" asked the gallant Capitaine.

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Then Mademoiselle shall ride my little barby; there is hardly such a horse anywhere, Mademoiselle, so docile, so sweet-tempered, and so sure-footed. It is not every lady I

would trust with my little horse, but I know how an Englishwoman can sit in the saddle, and I am proud to offer it to Mademoiselle."

"Je vous remercie bien, Monsieur."

Then the Capitaine talked of Christmas-day.

"We will have a little fete champetre in Mademoiselle's honor," he said; "we will go to the great waterfalls of Boisel-Keber, and breakfast there. I will invite my Commandant and all the officers of the garrison. Monsieur can make a sketch, and Mademoiselle can gather flowers."

We expressed ourselves delighted at the proposal, and, after promising to send Mary ostrich's eggs and jackals' skins to take to England, the Capitaine left us.

"I don't like the Capitaine so well as the Commandant," Mary said; "but how kind they all are to us! It is as if we were princes on a journey of triumph. Oh! Tom, what days to remember are these!"

"I think your head will be fairly turned, what with the Commandant's dinners and the Capitaine's fetes champetres," I said, "and if the Lieutenant—"

"M. le Lieutenant," announced Dominique, opening the door calmly, as if nothing was the matter.

We had been twice so shocked and surprised that we had no more embarrassment to expend on the Lieutenant. Indeed, he was rather shy himself, which was the very thing to reassure a warm-hearted sympathetic little creature like my sister; and they began to talk together without any effort. He was young and handsome, with a very frank, pleasant expression.

"I am afraid that it is useless for me to offer my poor services," he said very modestly, "my superior officers having forestalled me, but it will make me very happy to do anything for you. If Mademoiselle would like any stuffed birds or dried flowers and plants, it will give me pleasure to procure them for her, and perhaps Monsieur would like me to show him some wonderful things to paint. I draw a little myself, and know where the finest points of view are to be found."

We thanked him heartily, and accepted all that he offered us. As it was now time for our second breakfast, or, more properly speaking, lunch, we pressed him to partake of it with us, which he did. We should not have ventured upon inviting the Commandant, much less the Capitaine, so unceremoniously, but the Lieutenant's diffident manner had set us quite at our ease.

"I have a very humble apartment," he said, "but if Monsieur and Mademoiselle will visit me, I will do the honors of it with pride and pleasure. I can at least offer them a little music."

"Yes, I know that you play," Mary said, smiling; "our rooms join, and I heard you playing before I went to sleep last night."

"Oh! Mademoiselle, I shall never forgive myself if I disturbed you—"

"No, indeed you did not, Monsieur. Much as I liked the music, I was too tired to listen to it, and went to sleep all the same."

Then they both laughed gleefully like children, and the Lieutenant promised to play to her and send her to sleep every night. After breakfast, he accompanied us on a tour of inspection. We soon saw all that there was to see of Teshoun, namely, a little line of bazaars kept by Jews and negroes, a little boulevard of a year's growth, two imposing-looking gates, one looking towards Morocco, one towards the Sahara, a straggling camp, and a wall of circumvallation. There were gardens in embryo here and there, but no trees of any size, and not till you had got fairly away from Teshoun, could you perceive that its aspect was striking or imposing. Then, looking back from the craggy heights that surrounded it, the white line of the camp and the belt of verdure encircling it like a ribbon, struck the eye as a pleasant contrast to the warm, yellow atmosphere of earth and sky. The warmth and the yellowness were delicious. A fresh, sweet breeze blew across our faces from the Desert. We sat down and drew it in with long, devouring breaths.

A hundred yards behind us, his bright brown body sharply outlined against the pale, amber-colored sky, stood a little Bedouin smiling down upon us.

It was a perfect personification of Eastern life, and I made a sketch whilst the Lieutenant told Mary of his hard campaign southward, and his joy at catching the first glimpse of Teshoun from the distance.

When we returned home we found that the Commandant's servant had left a bunch of roses for Mary, with his master's compliments, that the Capitaine's servant had been sent round with his master's horse for her to try, and that the General had sent word by his aide-de-camp that he would do himself the pleasure of calling upon us that evening. Mary and I felt utterly overwhelmed by such goodness and condescension. A real starved, laced General was here to call on us! We could hardly believe that we were our identical insignificant selves, who, but for you, oh! most sweet and honored patroness—would have sunk under the burden of toil imposed upon us. But how all was changed! The poor unknown artist was treated as if he had been Sir Peter Paul Rubens; the humble little school teacher was feted and flattered like the wife of a conquering Commander-in-Chief.

We had invited the young Lieutenant to drink tea with us at eight o'clock, and were enjoying a little music after a very sociable fashion, when a noisy excitement seemed to shake the house like the shock of an earthquake, and M. le General was announced in Dominique's most impressive manner.

M. le General was by no means an awful looking person, and indeed we had so largely expended our surprise already, that we had no more at command. He was an exceedingly stout, merry person, middle-aged, of a beautiful complexion, and a capacity to wink that would have vulgarized any one else but a general. He made himself very pleasant, accepted a cup of tea, praised Mary's French, said that he intended to dine with us at the Commandant's to-morrow, and told us some laughable stories about the Arabs. I noticed that the Lieutenant seemed quite overawed by the presence of the General, and sat flute in hand, like a statue. Mary tried to put him at his ease, but to no purpose. It did not mend matters when the General began first to twit him about his musical accomplishments, and then to catechize him on military matters.

"You were in that affair of '59, in Kabylia, weren't you?" he asked in that quick, positive, military tone, to which we with difficulty got accustomed.

"Oui, mon General."

"It was a badly managed thing, I believe. The Kabyles got the better of you more than once, didn't they?"

"I believe so, mon General."

"Bah!" cried the General, turning to me. "You see what these young officers know of their trade; I have no doubt that Monsieur le Lieutenant's musical education is much more advanced, and to serenade Mademoiselle suits him much better than to make war against the enemies of his country."

And, at the mention of the enemies of his country the General indulged in a wink. When he was ready to go he sent the Lieutenant to order up his horse, such as if he had been a little boy of ten years old; and on taking leave added half a dozen commissions in the same peremptory tone. The poor Lieutenant listened very submissively, but no sooner had the General dashed down the street, followed by his servant, equally well mounted, than he grew gay and easy again.

As soon as we were alone, Mary brought out her slender supply of gala dresses, and we discussed the important subject of her toilette of the next evening.

"It seems to me," I said, "that if you dress for the Lieutenant, you will displease the Capitaine; if you dress for the Capitaine, you will displease the Commandant; and if you dress for the Commandant, you will displease the General."

Mary gathered up her fancies in alarm. "Don't you think I had better stay away from the dinner altogether, Tom?"

"By no means," I said, "settle the matter by dressing to please me."

Which she accordingly did, and the result was a semi-morose, dainty and glowing bit of costume quite in keeping with the time and place.

### PART II.

Precisely at seven o'clock we presented ourselves at the Commandant's, Mary looking very pretty in her transparent white dress, brilliant sack of Tunis silk, and necklets and bracelets of coral and palm-seeds. That little thing had such loving dark eyes, such a soft bloom on her cheeks and such a sweet mouth, that I could hardly blame the General for wishing to have her sit beside him at dinner. The Commandant being a little shy, would have given up all his privileges as host, but the General insisted upon the Commandant leading her in, and she sat between the two. It was very mortifying for the Capitaine and the Lieutenant; the former made an effort to be complimentary and entertaining across the table, but the latter looked quite crest-fallen, and hardly raised his eyes from his plate. When we retired to the drawing-room matters went a little better. The same gazelle was brought in for Mademoiselle Marie to see, and whilst the General and the Commandant had a long discussion on military affairs, the rest of us sported with the pretty creature and made pleasant plans for the morrow. Then an amusing game of cards was set on foot, over which we were growing very merry, when up came the General and the Commandant.

"Eh, bien!" said the General, slyly nudging the Capitaine. "We have not been so engrossed but we heard one or two pleasant things talked of. Upon my word, Capitaine, I am half disposed not to go to Mascara till after your picnic to the waterfalls."

"You will do my poor little fete great honor, mon General," answered the Capitaine, adding naively, "but I think that the wild geese flying northwards mean rain."

"Not a bit of it. We shall have no rain till a fortnight after Christmas. Mademoiselle Marie, I shall do myself the honor of offering you one of my horses to ride—"

"Mademoiselle has already condescended to accept mine," the Capitaine put in with stiffness.

"Mademoiselle Marie, this gentleman has no horse fit to carry a lady. The brute he offers you has no more mouth than an elephant. Keep on the safe side and ride mine, which is a lamb, I assure you, Mademoiselle—a lamb."

The General spoke in jest, but the Capitaine was very near losing his temper. Mary being thus appealed to, thought to extricate herself from the difficulty by declaring herself half afraid of riding either horse, being an inexperienced horsewoman. But both the gentlemen had mules, and both the gentleman's mules were the best. Poor Mary colored and looked at me in despair.

"I think," I said, "that the safest plan will be for my sister to try the horses and see which suits her the best."

Then the different routes to the waterfalls were discussed, and the different Douira or Arab villages where it would be best to have a Difa or feast provided, Mary's judgment being asked in every instance. All this time the Lieutenant had turned over the leaves of a newspaper very wearily, and the Commandant had caressed his tame gazelle. As soon as she could politely free herself, Mary went up to him.

"How pretty and playful and fond it is!" she said, stooping down to stroke the little creature. The grave face of the Commandant brightened.

"Yes, it would be very *triste* here without the little thing."

"Do you never go to France, Monsieur?"

"I shall perhaps go in two years' time, but you see, Mademoiselle, that is a long time to look forward to, and if my mother should not be living, I might as well stay here."

"Do you like fighting the Arabs in the Desert, then, Monsieur?"

"Mademoiselle, when one takes up the profession of arms, fighting and exile are *choses enteeuses*; I often sigh for a settled domestic life, but I might have been worse off. I might have gone to Mexico, for instance."

The Commandant's manner was so simple, so manly and so tinged with sadness, that I think any woman would have sympathized with him as much as my little sister Mary did. She, poor child, having lived all her life in a school-room, was quite ready to make a hero of any man who smiled kindly upon her; and here were four heroes, in handsome uniforms, all smiling upon her at once! There was the sweet sense of youth drawing her to the Lieutenant, but I think



the Commandant stood next to her, and she could not for a moment forget the courteous kindness of the other two.

"It must be all a dream, Tom," she said, as she gave me her good-night kiss, "but oh! if it is a dream, don't let me wake yet."

We dreamed some wonderful things in the next few days. Dominique made us get up one morning very early, and drove us in his little wooden gig to an Arab encampment miles away in the Desert. It was dawn when we started, and large, pale stars were shining in a violet sky; then, like a gorgeous butterfly emerging from a dusky chrysalis, came the Eastern day, and we felt as if living on a world warmed by a hundred suns. The warm, intoxicating light took possession of our senses, and so sweet, so rarefied, so indescribably delicious was the air, that it seemed to give wings to our dull bodies. Every now and then we were overtaken by clouds of locusts, their little wings glistening like diamonds against the soft sky, or flocks of starlings darkened the air, or a series of wild geese passed majestically overhead. Then we came to the tents, and at our approach a dozen dogs rushed out to snap and snarl, and a hundred little naked children scampered and scuttled across the way. A stately Bedouin made us welcome, and whilst Dominique transacted business with him, his women gathered round us, chattering and grinning like children. Then we were feasted upon cous-cous and figs, and took leave after many salutations.

Another day we went out hunting gazelles, bivouacking along a river side, and feasting, Arab fashion, off a sheep roasted whole. Dominique had found a pretty little French girl, daughter of a travelling farmer, to act as Mary's handmaid, and she now felt less isolated among so many men, and less shy too. The poor child stood a fair chance of being spoiled, what with suddenly finding herself transformed from a school-room Cinderella to a fairy tale princess, and having four lovers, all heroes, at once. For it was impossible to deny that the General, the Commandant, the Captain, and the Lieutenant, all behaved like lovers, presenting her with pecked skins, etriche's plumes and eggs, rare birds, and other treasures of the Sahara. The General went so far as to give her a little negro boy about ten years old, though this gift we had accepted only temporarily, not quite knowing what to do with him, when we left Teschoum.

Christmas-day came at last. Mary had artfully evaded the delicate point about horses, by declaring herself afraid of every one's beast but Dominique's, accordingly, mounted on Dominique's ugly back, she led the way with the General, her long, bright hair flowing in curls over her shoulders, her cheeks glowing with excitement. The pleasure and consciousness of the last few days, for Mary had an artistic perception of beauty, had brought out a new side to her character, and she quite surprised me from time to time with her sunny humor and quick repartee.

We made a brilliant cavalcade, what with the uniforms of the officers, and the richly embroidered saddles and bright red harnesses of our attendant spahis. After riding for some miles across a monotonous tract of sandy desert, we came to a majestic sierra of crag, down which fell a dozen waterfalls, narrow and bright as sword blades. A thin little stream threaded the ravine, and on its banks grew clumps of the tamarisk, the oleander, and the thuya, making an oasis grateful to the eyes. Here we sat down and ate our Christmas breakfast, with stray thoughts of village bells chiming at home in England, and school children lustily singing their Christmas hymns.

Our host, the Captain, had provided a sumptuous feast of desert fare, roast quails and pheasants, cous-cous, figs, dates, and bananas, with the addition of champagne, and we were very merry.

"Mademoiselle," said the Captain, "think what our next Christmas will be if you are not here. Persuade Monsieur, your brother, to purchase some land between Mascara and Teschoum, so that we shall not lose you altogether."

The General nudged the Commandant. "You see what our friend the Captain is dreaming of. Monsieur, your mission is sure to be sent into the interior this spring; but all romances out of you head, my dear fellow, and don't entice Monsieur into the commitment of folly."

"I am not the only one to entertain romances," said the Captain, coolly. "You, mon General, did us all the better to spend Christmas at Teschoum. We can but at tribute such a concession to the precious influence of Mademoiselle."

"Look well after the Commandant when I am gone, gentlemen," continued the General, looking round with a smile. "Matters are gone so far already that he loses temper if a fellow officer but josts with him. What a terrible sin it would be upon the glorious annals of French African conquest, if such a brave officer should show himself fonder of stuffing birds for an English demoiselle than running swords through ungrateful Arabs!" and the General looked round with a very comical expression of mock horror.

"Mademoiselle has indiscriminately accepted our tokens of homage," the Commandant said, maliciously.

"But it yet remains to be seen whose offering has been most acceptable to her," went on the General, adding an *air de finesse*, "we won't resort to duels unless absolutely necessary."

The sort of banter lasted so long that poor Mary's cheeks burned with vexed vanity and mortification, and she made an excuse to leave us.

"And what does our Lieutenant advise Monsieur to do?" asked the General, "to settle here, or to follow his squadron to the Desert?" whereupon the poor Lieutenant colored, and said nothing.

What an experience it was, that Christmas-day in the Desert! The moonday sun seemed to dissolve in the warm atmosphere, and instead of a single orb, shining everlastingly, large and golden, we had melted suns unnumbered about us, and almost lost the sense of corporeity in their charmed medium.

When the short, bright day waned, and the large stars were coming out one by one, we found ourselves near home; and when the heavens had turned to bluish black, and the stars to splendid silvery moons, we passed under the gate of Teschoum, and saw

our shadows, darker and deeper than lead things, fall across the white walls of mosque and fortress. For shadow and substance lose their identity in the Desert, and one is always on the point of mistaking the one for the other. If anything, shadow is the more real of the two.

So absorbed was I in the suggestions of this mysterious beauty, that I had forgotten all about my sister's lovers, till we were fairly in our little sitting room. Then Mary began to sigh and to blush, and to hint that she thought we had better leave Teschoum very soon.

"You see, Tom, dear," she said, with tears in her eyes, "the General says he adores me, and the Commandant says he never loved any one in the world till he saw me, and the Captain says that if I go away he will blow his brains out—and what am I to do?"

"And the Lieutenant—what did he say?"

"He says nothing," said Mary, looking down, "and here came a sob—and I like him best of all!"

"But, if he does not declare the same liking for you, we must leave him out of the question, and choose between the other three, I suppose."

"He does not speak, because he is too modest; I'm sure he likes me," Mary added, still ready to cry.

"His state of feeling does not help us much, unless expressed," I replied. "meanwhile, what are I to say to the General, the Commandant, and the Captain, if they ask to marry you?"

The little thing plucked at the fold of her riding skirt in the greatest perplexity.

"I like the General, and I like the Commandant, and I ought not to dislike the Captain; but I cannot marry one without offending the others, and, if I were to marry out here in the Desert, Tom, would you stay too?"

"We had been living in such utter fairy-land lately, that I felt as if it were quite possible for me to marry some brown-skinned, soft-eyed Rebecca, and turn Mahometan. But, in my case, could I desire for my sister a happier fate than to marry one of these brave gentlemen, and live in the sunny South all the rest of her days? She would be rescued from a life of toil and friendliness, and have another protector besides her Bohemian of a brother."

"My dear child," I said, "it would be impossible for me to say that our lives should be spent together; but you may be quite sure that nothing would utterly divide them. The chief point is—of all your lovers, whom do you love?"

To this question, I could elicit no positive reply. Mary, in fact, was half in love with the General and the Commandant, and wholly in love with the Lieutenant, and was quite incapable of deciding her own fate.

"You must not laugh at me," she said simply, as we bade each other good-night. "It is so new to me to have lovers, and so delightful, that I wish I could go on forever being happy, and making them happy, without marrying either." Then she blushed, and ran off to bed.

The next morning we were taking our early coffee, when we heard a clatter of horses' feet, and looking out, saw one of the General's splendid brown-skinned red-clad spahis, dashing into the town at a furious pace. He pulled up at Dominique's door, and, letting his little barb and rear at will, looked towards us, showing his white teeth, and waving a letter in one hand.

I left my breakfast, and ran down to him. We exchanged "salutations," and then he put the letter in my hand, adding in broken French:

"Le General—envoyé cela—va faire la guerre—la bas." Then he sprang to his horse's flanks, and dashed away as fast as he had come.

I broke the seal of the General's letter, which ran as follows—

"Monsieur. This morning at daybreak I received telegraphic information that a serious rising has taken place among the tribes southward of Fig-gig, and I have resolved to march upon them without delay. Judge, Monsieur, how more than sorry I am to be forced to quit the society of your charming sister and yourself without making my adieu; but a soldier's duty forces him from the consummation of his fondest desires, when such a consummation seems close at hand, and I go, if not with joy, at least without unvoluntarily reluctance. I shall never forget, Monsieur, this episode, an episode in the Desert of my military life, and, whilst wishing for Mademoiselle and yourself all possible prosperity, I hope you will remember Teschoum and the poor killed officers there, who will never think of you both without regret."

"I feel it right under the grave circumstances of the revolt to advise your speedy return to Mascara, and will order a trusty escort to be in readiness for you when you shall require it."

"Meantime, receive, Monsieur, the expression of my utmost esteem."

"DE MARIOS."

We were both of us talking over the astounding contents of the General's letter, when Napoleon came in full of news. The insurgents numbered thousands, and there were skirmishing parties close to Teschoum. Teschoum would be most likely besieged, as it had been more than once, &c., &c. As the day wore on, the excitement increased. Little groups of French or Jewish shopkeepers collected together, and talked gravely, and Arabs walked about in stately fashion, smiling superciliously. In the French camp it was the old story on a lesser scale—

"And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed, The mustering squadron, and the clattering car, Went pouring forward with impetuous speed."

And so great was the need for hurry, that we doubted whether we should see either of our gallant hosts again. Late in the afternoon, however, the Captain paid us a formal, sentimental visit, and after him came the good Commandant, who stood up before us, square and stiff, and stammered out a

"There is telegraphic communication further south than this."

word or two with tears in his kind eyes. Mary held out her little hand, but he seemed overcome with shyness or sadness, or both, and rushed away without having taken it.

Last of all, when we had quite given him up, came the poor Lieutenant; he had been busy on a hundred errands for his superior officers, and had only five minutes to spare. We can never do anything with a few last moments, and Mary and the Lieutenant had not a word to say to each other, though I could see well enough what both would fain have said.

So I quietly left them under the pretext of fetching a cigar, and when I returned, at the close of the fifth minute, all that was necessary had been said. We then embraced each other after the hearty French fashion. Mary and the Lieutenant exchanged rings, and he went off to fight the disaffected Arabs as happy as a king.

It was a fine sight to see the troops march out of Teschoum. Color is really color in the South, and the lines of blue zouaves and crimson spahis against the yellow of afternoon sky, were vivid and picturesque beyond description. On they went, arms flashing, drums beating, colors flying, till the last column had turned the hill, and then evening came on all at once, and we felt a dreary sense of disenchantment creeping over us. It was as if we had been dreaming during the last few weeks, and now we were waked indeed! Dominique recalled us to ourselves with a cynical smile.

"Bah!" he cries, "it's all play, let 'em proceed to put down insurrection as often as they please. It is good for trade and for promotion, and the Arabs know how to defend themselves."

But events falsified this sarcasm of Monsieur Dominique's, for the insurrection proved to be serious, and it was months before we heard of our Lieutenant.

When we did hear, the news was good; and the news of him, and of his English wife, for all things turned out between him and Mary just as they should, has been good ever since.

#### Winter in the House.

There are many beautiful botanical experiments which can be conducted in the parlour during winter which are not embraced generally in the list of flowers and vines to be found in our parlors and windows.

How many of our fair readers have the beautiful vine of the *sweet potato* running over their mantelshelf? This pretty sight can be enjoyed by placing a sweet potato in a tumbler or other glass vessel, filled with water, passing a pin through the tuber so as to keep the lower end from one to two inches from the bottom of the vessel. Keep on the mantelshelf, in a warm room, and every day give it sun for an hour or two, and in a few days rootlings will begin to appear, aiming for the bottom of the vessel, and in two or three weeks the eye will begin to shoot and rapidly grow and run upon suspended twine or any little trellis-work prepared for it. The *discolora totalis* is the prettiest for this purpose, when it can be obtained.

The "Morning Glory" can be propagated in parlor windows, where there is some sun, to perfection during winter; it flowers with its natural colors, and the delicate little vine can be made to run over the windows.

A hanging vase is the prettiest for this.

Suspend an acorn by a cotton thread so as nearly to touch the water in a glass vessel, in a hermetically sealed glass is perhaps the best; set upon the window or mantel, and let it remain there for eight or ten weeks, more or less, without being interfered with, except to supply the evaporation of the water, and the acorn will burst, and as it throws a root down into the water, a sprout or stem will be sent upward, throwing out beautiful little green leaves; thus giving you an oak tree, in full life and health within your parlor!

Again, take a piece of lace over a tumbler, letting it down about half-way, put in some sweet peas, fill with water so as just to cover the peas; in a little while roots will appear and seek the bottom of the tumbler, then the vine appears and can be trained on a twine or support, and it will soon begin to show its pretty flowers.

There are many of the mosses which can be very successfully grown in the house through the winter, and with the foregoing afford an interesting and refined enjoyment for the females of a family and a real pleasure to all who have a taste for the beautiful to witness. We trust to see a greater inclination on the part of the ladies to introduce into their houses this most agreeable addition to their domestic pleasures.—*Gleanings of Europe*.

#### A Household Necessity.

A household where woman reigns alone, freed from the domination of her natural enemy—an entirely female establishment, vexed by no admixture of the masculine element—is a very dreary thing. The man of a family may be, and often is, a very inferior animal to his womankind; made of infinitely poorer, commoner clay. He may be a coarse, surly brute, all body and no soul worth speaking of, or a soul wrapped up and enfolded in swine and turpitude, or in gray shirting, or brown sugars, or pill-boxes and blisters. Even so, the sound of his heavy boots on the stairs; or his gruff, untutored voice, mixes harmoniously and healthily with the woman's noiseless, cat-like foot-falls and shrill treble pipes. Good is his unobtrusive face at dinner; good are his dull anecdotes, that yet bring a whiff of the outer world with them; yea, good are his very hat and dandrigh in the hall. Women's minds are apt to get narrowed, shallow, soured (the best women's have an undeveloped tendency that way) if they have not some male intellect to rub against, and be wholesomely jostled and buffeted and sweetened by.

The following quaint epitaph on husband and wife is to be seen in one of the Parisian cemeteries:

"I am anxiously expecting you—A. D. 1867."

"Here I am—A. D. 1867."

So the good woman was forty years making up her mind to follow her husband.

"Peasants have been raised in several parts of Iowa this year. They are as easily raised as potatoes, and a much surer crop."

#### First Love.

"Love is and was my lord and king," but my loyalty towards it is tempered by reason; I do not say by years, for it is the middle-aged (male) who, in my opinion, are most liable to peril from it. This is an heretical view, I know; for First Love is considered to be the most rapturous and entralling of all the stages of this singular epidemic; the virgin honey of all the sweet products of that hive. But let us investigate this matter a little. A young gentleman who tastes good gooseberry wine for the first time, may well imagine that there is no better effervescent thing, such as Cliequot. He may have an admirable palate, but he has no experience of what is really excellent; he is very thirsty, and the cool and sparkling draught seems to leave nothing to be desired. Mind, I do not even venture to affirm he does not enjoy that gooseberry at the time, better than, with a cultivated taste, he will subsequently enjoy Cliequot; but that does not alter the comparative merits of the vintages. And suppose we accede to his desire, and give him gooseberry for his life; suppose we let him compound for it, as it were, on the understanding that he is never to touch Champagne hereafter; would not that be a dangerous kindness, to do the young fellow; a present gratification, at a very considerable future sacrifice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, I believe it would. For what is this First Love, when it comes to be tried, as the practical though vulgar Yankees have it? what *est* it but a mere passionate fancy? In the rare cases where young folks have been brought up with one another—loved one another, at first, like brother and sister—and who, afterwards, long to be more closely united, the affair is different; there is something of experience, of knowledge of each other's failings, of certainty of each other's virtues; there are grounds, however limited, for mutual confidence—but in case of First Love, at first sight, there are no extenuating circumstances to mitigate the rashness. To marry, under such circumstances, is like seeing some beautiful flower in a foreign garden; which you at once eagerly demand, purchase at a high price, and transplant to your own plot at home, without consideration of soil or climate. You have not the slightest idea whether, under the new conditions, it will wither or flourish. It was such a very pretty flower that you never considered that matter at all. When the tulip that you gave so many guineas for, fades, or worse, it will be little to say: "If I buy tulips again, at such a price, then I'm a Dutchman."

Perhaps the true reason, after all, why this First Love is so highly considered by persons not given to any sort of enthusiasm, is that it is common to our race. Even the most calculating and selfish of men, at the first dawn of adolescence, experience some emotion of the sort, and since it is the nearest approach to poetic feeling which they ever entertain, they are prone to magnify its importance. And it is owing, most likely, to this circumstance that the idea of Love which the poets have conceived is the one in which it is understood by the vulgar. The poets are always young; their hearts are fresh; their imagination clothes the object of their ardor in the most becoming hues; they are passionate and impulsive; so that in a sort of way Love is to them as First Love. They have a capability for the passion, such as the Prosaic never possess; and (between ourselves) they are always dowered with the faculty of falling in love with two or three beloved objects at a time. Now, an ordinary man does not do this with more than two; but with two very often, and in this manner.

Polly (suppose) is his darling; Polly is a blonde, with eyes like the violet, and hair (worn in native curl-clusters) which looks like light brown flecked with gold (I say "looks like," for nobody knows now-a-days what is the true color of a young lady's hair, or even whether she has any of her own or not); her gaze thrills him; her whisper thrills his pulses with the fulness of the spring; their spirits rush together at the touching of their lips. Above all, she is devotedly fond of him. Fate, however, parts them for a space. Her cousin Kitty is thrown very much into his company. Kitty is a brunette, with eyes like the sloe; her hair, which is her own (quite by accident it once came undone in his presence), reaches to her heels, and looks like the raven's wing; above all, she is devotedly fond of him. At first, he struggles to be loyal; he writes as usual, although not in so impassioned a style as before, to Polly; but opportunity and Kitty are too much for him; he feels that she is tugging at his heartstrings also. Presently, there comes a day when his waning affection for the one, and his growing affection for the other, are at *exactly the same level*. He is in love with two women at the same time. This may last for a little while; but the same time as an eclipse takes; then gradually poor Polly withdraws from between him and her rival altogether, and she reigns alone in his firmament. Her whisper thrills, &c.; their spirits rush together, &c.—*London Periodical*.

A novel case has just been tried in the Circuit Court at Kenosha, Wisconsin. Mr. Mason had conveyed to Mr. Washburn his farm, and had taken from the latter a bond for his maintenance during life. The bond expressed, among other things, the providing of food and drink. Mr. Mason claimed that whiskey was one of the necessities for his proper maintenance, because the peculiar condition of his health required it. Mr. Washburn declined to furnish him intoxicating drinks, alleging that they were not essential to his physical life. Whereupon Mr. Mason brought a suit for damages. Four physicians were sworn, and gave testimony in respect to the necessity of spirituous liquors in the case of Mr. Mason. We are not informed of the general import of the testimony, but that the plaintiff obtained a verdict of \$52.

Murderers in England are reported to be, in proportion to the whole population, one in every 675,000; in Holland, one in 163,000; in the North German Bund, one in 100,000; in Austria, one in 77,000; in Spain, one in 4,000; and in the Papal States, one in 750. (Doubtful.)

What nose is more brilliant than a toper's nose? Why, vola-nos, to be sure, Pat remarks that the chief glow of each comes from the "center."

#### French Barbers.

A gentleman travelling in Europe gives his experience of French barbers, and how they doubly shave their customers, in the following lively description:—

Here, in Paris, as I presume in every other part of the world, the individuals with whom you are brought in contact will take an advantage, if they can, of the stranger. Shortly after my arrival I met one of our passengers in a towering passion. He had gone to a barber-shop to get shaved. While the operation was being performed the artist kept asking him whether he would not have this cosmetic on his head, and that oil on his hair, and so on. My friend replied in the affirmative to every question which he was asked, and when he got through, in reply to a demand as to the charge, monsieur was informed that it was only twenty-six francs—\$5.20! Warned by his experience, your correspondent entered one of these shaving shops in a double sense, with the determination not to be fleeced. A gentleman whom he had never seen, to the best of his knowledge, rushed forward to meet him, with the enthusiasm of an old and very dear acquaintance. Monsieur presumed, desired to be shaved; and being answered in the affirmative, set about the work with an ardor that showed there was more of friendship and deep respect than mere business considerations in his actions. Monsieur must have been to sea; his face is very much sunburnt. He had a delightful preparation, which would restore the skin to its usual color in an incredible short space of time; would monsieur like to see it? "Oui, monsieur," was the response, and the precious fluid was placed on the dressing-table before him, for his admiration. Monsieur's hair is beginning to turn gray; it was an established fact that if hair was subjected to the most extraordinary and delightful compound which they manufactured in that house, the change would be arrested immediately, and grayness and baldness kept at bay. It only costs twelve francs a bottle. "Would not monsieur like to see it?" "Oui, monsieur," and this wonderful mixture was placed beside the other on the dressing-table. It is very strange, but one side of monsieur's moustache grew more heavily than the other. The difficulty could only be removed by an application to the sterile spot. It would never do to clip one side down to suit the other. After a great and laborious search they had found a grease which would make hair grow upon a Mosaic floor; it only costs fifteen francs. "Would not monsieur like to see it?" "Oui, monsieur," and this sort of thing piled up, in short, the dressing-table was literally piled up with pomades, lotions, fluids, extracts, and I do not know what, to the value of at least one hundred francs. As soon as the shaving was over, I inquired what was the cost, and was informed "a half franc" (ten cents), which I of course cheerfully paid, and turned to go, when the artist in his blandest manner inquired where I would have all the articles which he had piled upon the table, and the inestimable value of which could not be set forth in any known language, sent, and your correspondent complied with the greatest degree of composure possible under the circumstances, that upon the whole he thought he should not invest that day. There was no knowing what he might do in the future, but for the present he had no idea of setting up a perfumery-shop. The change which the artist made at this time underwent was truly wonderful. All his blandness at once forsook him. He looked sardonic with a tremendous roll on the R, if he did not pronounce it, and opened the door in rather a testy and contemptuous manner.

I cannot dismiss the subject of barber-shops without remarking that there is not in all France a place where the art of shaving, as practiced in America, is understood. You are placed sitting in an upright chair, and the barber goes to work upon you as if you were a dead pig. When he gets through, you have to go and wash your own face, and then the artist condescends to run a comb once or twice through your hair. I have just met an old California merchant, who has "barber on the brain" in a most violent form. He assured me that he has travelled over nearly three-fourths of Europe to find a barber's shop where he would not daily be put to the torture, but failed in his mission.

TOO SMART FOR THE MINISTER.—An acquaintance of ours who has a bright, keen little girl in her family, related to us yesterday the following incident:

The family were dining, when the conversation turned upon an excursion about to take place. A clergyman at the table spoke to the little girl and asked her if she could repeat the alphabet backwards. She said, "No, sir," when the gentleman remarked, "Then you can't go on the excursion." She looked very demure for a moment, when she asked, "Can you say the Lord's Prayer backwards?" "No, dear." "Then," replied the girl, "you can't go to heaven." Her interrogator stopped.

Foul language has been banished from the Austrian camps. By an imperial edict all officers are required from this time to address common soldiers as "you" and not as "thou"; the latter formula indicating either excessive intimacy or contempt. Superiors addressing inferiors, officers, sub-officers and soldiers, are also in future to add to their names the title of their rank. Swearing at inferiors is strictly forbidden. It is a pity swearing at the men could not be forbidden in our own army.

One evening at a social gathering a young lady played a piece of music consisting of twenty-four pages. A gentleman, in referring to it next day, said they were favored with music by the *quint*.

A stock company is being formed in this city to go into the rather novel business of manufacturing ladies' rubber-booms under a new patent.—*Springfield Republican*.

George Francis Train is said to show his shrewdness in keeping such appreciative company as Susan B. Anthony, who calls him "a splendid specimen of a man, with a magnificent physique, who, with many eccentricities, has a most lovely disposition."

Tom Brown, M. P., suggests that steamers crossing between Dover and Calais should carry a supply of balloons, and that people should make ascensions in them, being held down by a rope, thus avoiding seasickness.







## WIT AND HUMOR.

## Scene in a Kentucky Court House.

In the good old times in Kentucky, when "substantial justice" was administered in a log cabin, after a very free and easy manner, a suit was brought to recover certain moneys of which it was alleged plaintiff had been defrauded by the ingenious operation known as "thimble rigging." In the course of the trial, plaintiff's counsel, who happened to be an "expert," undertook to enlighten the court as to the *modus operandi* of the performance. Putting himself into position, he produced the three cups and the "little jokers," and proceeded, suiting the action to the word:

"Then may it please the court, the defendant placing the cups on his knee thus, began shifting them, offering to bet that my client could not tell under which was the 'little joker,' meaning thereby, may it please the court, this ball, with the intention of defrauding my client of the sum thus wagered. For instance, when I raise the cup so, your honor supposes that you see the ball."

"Suppose I see?" interrupted the judge, who had closely watched the performance, and was sure that he had detected the ball as one of the cups was accidentally raised.

"Why, any fool can see where it is, and bet on it, and be sure to win. There ain't no defraudin' that."

"Perhaps your honor would like to go a V on it?" inquired the counsel.

"Go a V? Yes, and double it too, and here's the rhino. It's under the middle cup."

"I'll go a V on that," said the foreman of the jury.

"And I, and I," joined in the jurors, one after the other, until each one had invested his pile.

"Up!" said his honor, "the 'little joker' had mysteriously disappeared. Judge and jury were enlightened, and found no difficulty in bringing in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, on the ground that it was the 'derndest kind of defraudin'."

## Clerical Anecdote.

A respectable (?) well-to-do farmer, a zealous member of the church withal, had, to the astonishment of the community and the great mortification of his friends, been found guilty of sheep-stealing. The discovery of the crime having been made on Saturday, a knowledge of the fact had not on the following Sabbath reached the ear of either of the pastors of the two village churches.

On Sabbath morning the good lover of mutton—whose Christian name, by the way, was Adam—appeared, as usual to church, to receive the effect, not only on the guilty Adam, but on most of the audience, who had heard of the affair, when the minister announced as his text, "Thou shalt not steal," and proceeded to discuss the subject in the most practical manner, denouncing, among other forms of the sin in question, that of sheep-stealing as the meanest of all! This was "the last straw that broke the camel's back," and the ashamed Adam sneaked out of church at the close of the sermon in no enviable state of mind.

In the afternoon our hero sought consolation for his wounded spirit by attending the neighboring church of a different denomination, a large number of whose members consisted of his intimate friends and relatives. The latter, of course, were already informed of the crime laid to the charge of their kinsman.

All the consolation our friend Adam obtained however by his "change of base," was a remarkably pointed and personal discourse from the words, "And the Lord God called unto Adam and said, 'Where art thou?'"

Adam could never be persuaded that these texts were not especially chosen in reference to his case, for a good many other people also.

## Anecdote of Dr. Beecher.

Dr. Beecher and his daughter Catherine being on a visit to the old Connecticut homestead, took occasion to go fishing together. After whipping the brook a while, they became separated, and the daughter returned home without any fish. Leaving the fishing hole in the yard, a hungry food spider, the "big old hook," and incidentally swallowed it, which of course cost him his life. The doctor, having been unsuccessful as a sportsman, was about this time returning home, when he found that his horse, which he had left by the roadside, had broken loose, and was apt to be the case when fastened by his master, and it was only by some effort that the animal was captured again. As the doctor entered the house Miss Catherine said:

"Well, father, what have you caught?"

"A horse," said the doctor, a little gruffly.

"What have you caught?"

"A hen!" was the equally brief answer.

## What de Wires is For.

At the railway depot in Lowell, not long since, "Look a hea, Jake," said Sambo, his eyes dilating, and his rows of shining teeth protruding like a regiment of pearls, "look a hea, Jake, what do you call dem ar?" "What ar?" rejoined Jake. "Dem ar I is jantin to?" "Dem ar is postes," said Jake. "What ar postes?" asked Sambo, scratching his head. "Dem ar postes wile de plas?" "Yes, de same identity," returned Jake. "Ah! but you see dem ar horizontal wires?" "Well," observed Jake, "de postes supports de wires." "Good!" I takes you, nigger," ejaculated Sambo, clapping his sides, and both setting up a loud "yah, yah." "But what de wires for?" said Sambo, after a pause. "De wires," replied Jake, completely staggered for a moment, and at a nonplus for a reply to the philosophical curiosity of brother Sambo; but suddenly lighting up with more than usual fire, he said, "De wires is for to keep de postes up!"

CHINESE SERVANTS.—Bishop Simpson, in a recent lecture, predicted that in a very few years, we would have Chinese servants in our homes. Paterfamilias referred to this at the breakfast-table this morning, when little Minnie, after awhile, came to his chair and whispered, "Oh, pa, won't it be nice? We shall have a Chinese servant, and she will eat all the rats, so we won't have to keep a cat!"



"THE HAPPY PAIR THEN LEFT TOWN."

AMELIA (who flatters herself they are taken for quite an old married couple).—"Tell me, George, do you like green tea, or black?"

[The waiter chuckles.]

## Royal Etiquette.

The manner in which Kings and Queens meet each other, was curiously illustrated at the Imperial meeting at Salzburg. Napoleon kissed the gloved hand of the Austrian Empress, but Francis Joseph simply gave Eugenie's hand a formal touch with his own. Before the Imperial party had spent the first half hour together, other details occurred which have all been carefully preserved by the gossips of the Court. It will be remembered that the toilet worn by the Empress Eugenie was of the most approved and fashionable make, half mourning of the most delicate tint of gray, ornamented with jet, out of compliment to the memory of Maximilian—a visiting mourning costume, out of compliment to the hour—a short petticoat, reaching just below the ankle, surmounted by a shorter one of the same material, half high tight fitting boots of lilac kid, with sparkling jet tassels, and a long eque in her hand, according to the fashion adopted at the French Court on all occasions of traveling or *allegatoria*. The whole aspect of the wearer was charming, light and stylish in the highest degree. The Empress Elizabeth, on the contrary, wore long sweeping skirts, with a total absence of all ornament. A rich veil of black lace, artistically arranged, with a coronet of jet, fell from the small bonnet over the neck and on either side of the face—the whole toilet, by its simplicity, affording a striking contrast to that of her Imperial visitor. But just as she was entering the carriage, where the Empress Eugenie was already seated, his Majesty, Francis Joseph, touched her wrist and exclaimed rather abruptly, "Take care, madam, your feet are visible." The words happening to catch the ear of the Imperial lady to whom they were not addressed, caused her to color slightly; but, of course, no other outward sign of comprehension of their meaning was made manifest.

## Virginia Eclipse.

An astonished tourist writes to the Frontier Index from the curious district surrounding the Yellowstone Lake of Montana: "Near the outskirts of the monstrous locality there is a lake on top of the mountain that is yet frozen over, the ice and snow covering its surface some twenty feet deep. The main forks of the Yellowstone, one heading opposite Wind and Green rivers, and the others opposite Henry's Fork of Snake River, in the same vicinity that the Madison and Gallatin rise, empty into the big lake, which has for its outlet the Yellowstone river, and just below the lake the whole river falls over the face of a mountain thousands of feet, the spray rising several hundred feet. A pebble was timed by a watch in dropping from an overhanging crag of overhanging fall, and is said to have required eleven and a half seconds to strike the surface of the river below. That leaves Niagara Falls 'all hollow.' The river at its greatest falls is represented to be half as large as the Missouri at Omaha, and as clear as crystal. The great lake, like all others in these mountains, is thick with salmon trout, of from five to forty pounds weight, and where the milky boiling mineral waters from the geysers intermingling with the pure clear water from the running streams, these elegant fish can be 'forked' up by the boat load."

As a worthy divine and a broad-thinking doctor were discussing about the "Esays and Reviews," some doubts were raised whether Eve was formed from a "bone," when a poetical lady remarked: "Well, if Eve were so formed, it must have been from the Bone of Contention."

## AGRICULTURAL.

## London Horses.

The value of straw as a feeding substance, was never better proved than by the following fact: A firm having a large number of heavy wagon horses, had frequent occasion for the veterinary surgeon, until they were recommended to mix a certain portion of fine cut straw with the clover hay. This has been practised now for some years, and their bill for horse-doctoring is at a minimum. The partner of the firm who told me this, said how advantageous it was, not to be deprived, as they formerly were, of the use of several horses—to say nothing of the saving in expense and loss. The fact is, the food

was too rich, or too mucilaginous, for I have often been told that fine cut hay, unmixed with straw chaff, balls in the stomach, and thus is, I suppose, deprived of the action of the gastric juices. We know that too succulent or rich grasses are injurious, and no doubt straw chaff mixed with it, acts mechanically, if not chemically, with advantage. It would be well for our agricultural friends to know that for several thousand horses belonging to the General Omnibus Company, the food is all passed through the chaff cutter, with, I believe, a certain proportion of straw. While spring grazing our bullocks on tara, we mix straw with it in their early growth, but as they advance to flowering and podding, this is not required, because there is much wheat and oats grown with this, which gets intermixed on passing through the chaff machine.—*J. Mechi, July, 1887.*

## White Clover in Georgia.

A correspondent of the Southern Cultivator writes as follows:—"I have enjoyed the pleasure of a visit to one of the highest peaks of the Appalachian chain of mountains immediately on the line between East Tennessee and North Carolina. For miles along its summit, and far down its sides, the most luxuriant growth of white clover completely covered the ground, filling the air with its fragrance, and affording the richest and most abundant pasture for hundreds of cattle, sheep and swine, literally 'rolling in fat,' without an ear of corn or anything, save the rich herbage upon which they luxuriated with all their native fondness, requiring only the care of a shepherd to keep them within proper bounds. Calves of but a few months old looked like 'yearlings,' and from one cow running at large with her calf, I milked at least two gallons per day, for our pleasure party, consisting of nearly a dozen ladies and gentlemen. One hundred miles farther South, I have had several acres well set in white clover, without sowing a seed, by simply letting the land lie out. My milk cows grazed on it until Christmas, yielding richer and more milk and butter than when fed as cows usually are. Nearly 100 miles still farther South, I now have white clover that grew in many places this summer 'knee high' on pipe-clay land, springing up spontaneously, whenever allowed the privilege of doing so. The second growth salivates or 'slathers' horses, but does not cattle or hogs. It grows finely with herds grass, affording a heavy swath of hay at the ground."

## Window Plants.

Window plants should not be kept very warm at this season. They should have all the sun and air, and as little of the artificial heat of the room as possible. These remarks apply especially to Mignonette, which is very impatient of in-door confinement. Succulents, such as Cacti, are excellent window plants in this respect, as the dry air does not affect them. To keep the air about the plants moist is one of the secrets of window-culture. Some who have very fine windows well stocked with fine plants, make glazed cases with folding doors of them, by which, when the room is highly heated and very dry, they can be enclosed in an atmosphere of their own. In such cases, ferns and mosses can be grown to perfection, and pendant plants in hanging vases give a Brazilian forest appearance to our happy Christmas homes.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

TO KEEP CHICKEN SWEET.—Of the various preparations used for this purpose, I have had some experience with sulphite of lime and white mustard seed. Treated with the lime, the cider soon becomes flat and insipid. The mustard seed I much prefer—1 lb. to a barrel—put in when it has about half done working. It gives it a sprightly, agreeable flavor, which it retains until warm weather. Both of these methods, however, spoil it for vinegar. With the mustard seed it becomes thick and ropy during the heat of summer.—*F. Curtis, in Country Gentleman.*

CUT THE BUSHES.—Now is the time, the shortest days of winter, to cut the bushes in the pastures and along the meadows and fences, wherever you wish to cut and get rid of them. Alders, birches, etc., cut during the shortest days, are, as nearly every practical farmer knows, killed out, that is they sprout up in spring a great deal less than when cut at other seasons.

## Flowers in Winter.

The best geraniums for winter blooming in the house are the different varieties of the Zonale or Horseshoe family. These are free growers, adapt themselves well to the atmosphere of the parlor, and are seldom out of bloom. To flower well, they should be potted on through the summer, and well pinched to make them of good shape. The colors are white, pink, orange, red, scarlet and crimson, in many different shades. If bedded out in the summer, they will grow very strong and may be potted before the frost, and will soon bloom. The varieties with gold and silver foliage are not as well adapted for parlor culture as the plain-leaved kinds, but do well in a green-house. All the varieties are good; but, for the parlor, those of dwarf habit are preferable. The rose, rutmeg, ivy, apple and oak geraniums also do well in the parlor, but are desirable rather for foliage than flower.—*American Journal of Horticulture.*

## How to Keep Up your Hay Crop.

A farmer who had been in the habit of mowing his hay for many years in succession, being asked how he kept up his hay crop without manuring or cultivating his land, replied, "I never allowed the after swath to be cut." If this rule was generally followed there would be less said about running out of grass fields or short crops of hay. Some farmers feed off every green thing and compel their cattle to pull up and gnaw off the roots of the grass. Cutting rows is certain death to hay crops. A farmer had better buy hay at forty dollars per ton than ruin his hay field by close grazing. The general treatment of grass lands in this respect is wrong and expensive, and should be abandoned as a matter of profit and economy.—*Wisconsin Farmer.*

FENCE POSTS.—Around each post used in fencing, a small mound of earth should be raised, to throw off the water of heavy rains. This keeps the water from entering the post-hole from the surface. In every place where this simple plan has been tried, the posts have lasted much longer than those set in the ordinary way.

## RECEIPTS.

OSTER OMELET.—Beat six eggs well, and add by degrees a gill of cream, and pepper and salt to your taste. Have ready one dozen large oysters cut in halves; pour the eggs into a pan of hot butter, and drop the oysters over it as equally as possible. Fry to a light brown and serve as an omelet. It must not be turned.

CURRY OF CHICKEN.—Cut up a raw chicken; put it into a stewpan, with two ounces of butter, half a large onion sliced thin, a few sprigs of parsley and thyme, and two ounces of lean ham; let the whole sweat over the fire for a few minutes; add a heaped tablespoonful of curry powder, and a small one of flour; shake the whole together for five minutes over the fire; put to it a pint of either gravy or water; let the whole simmer gently until the chicken is done; take out the chicken, rub the sauce through a sieve, boil it up, skim, put in the chicken, seasoned with salt and lemon-juice. Plain boiled rice to be served in a separate dish.

PLAIN PUDDING.—One pound of suet cut in pieces not too fine, one pound of currants and one pound of raisins stoned, four eggs, half grated nutmeg, one ounce of citron, one ounce of lemon-peel spread fine, one teaspoonful beaten ginger, half-pound bread crumbs, half-pound flour, one pint of milk. Beat the eggs first, add half the milk, beat them together, and by degrees stir in the flour, then the suet, spice and fruit, and as much milk as will mix it together very thick; then take a clean cloth, dip in boiling water and squeeze dry. While the water is boiling fast, put in your pudding, which should at least boil five hours.

PLAIN MINCE PIE.—Neat's tongue and feet, make the best mince pies. The shank is good. Boil the meat till very tender, take it up clean from the bones and gristle, chop it fine, mix it with an equal weight of tart apples, chopped fine. If the meat is lean, put in a little butter or suet. Moisten the whole with cider; now, if you have good; sweeten it to the taste with sugar and a little molasses—seasoning it with salt, cinnamon, cloves and mace. Make the pies on flat plates, with holes in the upper crust, and bake from thirty to forty-five minutes.

MINCE PIES WITHOUT MEAT.—Take four pounds of suet, eight pounds of apples, four outnights, eight pounds of raisins, four pounds of sugar, half a pound of sliced citron, two quarts of wine, two quarts of brandy, two quarts of cloves, the same of mace, an ounce of cinnamon, a tablespoonful of salt, and four large oranges. If it gets too dry, add more brandy. It will keep from November till May.

CARROT SOUP.—Four quarts of liquor in which a leg of mutton or beef has been boiled, a few beef-bones, six large carrots, two large onions, one turnip; seasoning of salt and pepper to taste; Cayenne. Put the liquor, bones, onions, turnips, pepper, and salt into a stewpan, and simmer for three hours. Scrape and cut the carrots thin, strain the soup on them, and stew them till soft enough to pulp through a hair sieve or coarse cloth; then boil the pulp with the soup, which should be of the consistency of pea soup. Add Cayenne. Pulp only the red part of the carrot, and make this soup the day before it is wanted.

POTATO PURLEE.—Roast six large potatoes, make a hole in the top of each. When well roasted, scoop all the insides into a bowl. Mash them well with a little boiled milk or cream. Add salt, Cayenne, and an egg, well beaten all together. Put the mixture again carefully into the hole of each potato skin, and bake them twenty minutes, serve up on a dish, with a napkin covering them all over, very hot.

SCOTCH CAKE.—Make into a dough three quarters of a pound of butter, a pound of sifted flour, a pound of sugar, and three well-beaten eggs; flavor with cinnamon. Roll into small, thin sheets, and cut into round cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

WASHING PREPARATION.—Put one pound of saltpetre into a gallon of water, and keep it in a corked jug; two tablespoonfuls for a pint of soap. Soak, wash, and boil as usual. This bleaches the clothes beautifully, without injuring the fabric.

## THE RIBBLER.

## Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.  
My 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 2, 3, is an article of dress.  
My 1, 9, 2, 8, is an animal.  
My 1, 7, 8, 9, is a person detested by society.  
My 1, 8, 9, 2, 6, is a species of fish.  
My 2, 1, 9, 3, is a man's name.  
My 2, 8, 9, is a verb.  
My 2, 4, 7, 6, is very small.  
My 2, 5, 6, is what all should have.  
My 3, 5, 4, 8, 9, is a French measure.  
My 3, 5, 6, 9, is a tropical fruit.  
My 3, 9, 2, 8, is a character in Shakespeare.  
My 3, 7, 2, 6, is a kind of earth.  
My 4, 2, 1, 3, 9, is a household article.  
My 4, 5, 4, 3, 9, is much sought after in Europe.  
My 4, 8, 5, 4, 9, is worn out.  
My 4, 2, 5, 3, belongs to animals.  
My 8, 7, 6, 9, is an ancient city.  
My 7, 6, 9, 8, is a Hebrew measure.  
My 6, 5, 8, 9, is disagreeably plenty in spring.  
My 6, 2, 1, 9, 3, is a girl's name.  
My whole is a beautiful city in the United States.  
W. H. MORROW.

## Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in May, but not in Spring.  
My second is in syren, but not in sing.  
My third is in flower, but not in bloom.  
My fourth is in tears, but not in gloom.  
My fifth is in love, but not in passion.  
My sixth is in style, but not in fashion.  
Sacred to Venus, my whole was dear,  
And it keeps its beauty, while all is here.  
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

## Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A boat has been sailing two hours with a light breeze against a strong current; nineteen times the number of miles it has sailed is equal to the cube of that distance added to 30 miles.  
How far has the boat sailed? How many correct answers can be given?  
W. H. MORROW.

[An answer is requested.]

## Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A straight line is divided at random into three parts. Required—the probability that a triangle can be formed with them.  
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.  
[An answer is requested.]

## Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose the earth to be 8,000 miles in diameter, and two persons, 314.16 miles apart, measured on its surface. How high must each ascend, vertically, that a straight line drawn from one to the other shall just touch the earth, and how far will they be apart, their distances above the earth being as 5 to 8?  
Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.  
[An answer is requested.]

## Conundrums.

Why is the letter A the best remedy for a deaf woman? Ans.—Because it makes her hear.  
When the thermometer falls, how often, on an average, does it break?  
What is that which, if you take the whole away, there is always some left? Wholesome.  
Why is the carrying of a motion like the amaurosis? Ans.—Because the eyes have it.

## Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—Pear.

## Subduing a Giant.

Mr. Pillsbury, warden of the States Prison in Connecticut, once received into the prison a man of gigantic stature, whose crimes had for seventeen years made him the terror of the country. He told the criminal, when he came, he hoped he would not repeat the attempts to escape which he had done elsewhere. "It will be best," said he, "that you and I should treat each other as well as we can. I will make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and I shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into difficulty on your account. There is a cell for solitary confinement; but we have never used it, and I should be very sorry ever to have to turn the key upon anybody in it. You may range the place as freely as I do—if you trust me, I will trust you."

The man was sulky, and for some weeks showed only gradual softening of opinion under the operation of Mr. Pillsbury's cheerful confidence. At length information was brought of the man's intention to break the prison. The warden called him, and taxed him with it; the man preserved a gloomy silence. He was told it was now necessary for him to be locked in the solitary cell, and desired to follow the warden, who went first, carrying a lamp in one hand and a key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, Mr. Pillsbury, a small, light man, turned round and looked in the face of the stout criminal. "Now," said he, "I ask whether you have treated me as I deserve? I have done every thing that I could to make you happy. I have trusted you, but you have never given me the least confidence in return, and have even planned to get me into difficulty. Is this kind? And yet I cannot bear to lock you up. If I had the least sign that you cared for me—"

The man burst into tears.  
"Sir," said he, "I have been a very demon these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man."

"Come, let us go back," said the warden.  
The convict had free range of the prison as before; and from that hour he began to open his heart to the warden, and cheerfully fulfilled his whole term of imprisonment.